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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1846.

REVIEWS

Memoir of the Naval Life and Services of Admiral Sir Philip C. H. C. Durham, G.C.B. By his Nephew, Captain A. Murray. Murray.

THE memoir of an active life, comprehending the extraordinary space of time between the years 1777 and 1845 as the period of its activity. Sir Philip Durham, the descendant of an ancient Scottish line, distinguished in the reign of Robert Bruce, was the fourth son of James Durham, of Largo. His biographer has strangely neglected to mention the date of his birth; we learn, however, incidentally, that in 1777 he attained his fourteenth year, and embarked as a midshipman on board the *Trident*. In the West Indies, the ship's company mutinied; and our midshipman, finding the ship insupportable, obtained leave to return home. He embarked on board the *Supply* store-ship, bound for England, which, however, blew up while he was on shore. He thus lost everything, except the clothes on his back. On subsequently reaching England, he joined the *Edgar*; and sailed, in January, 1780, in the squadron under the command of Sir George Rodney,—sharing in the capture of many Spanish merchant vessels. He saw the first gun fired at the siege of Gibraltar; was actively employed in boat service during its continuance; and was promoted, in July, 1781, to be acting-lieutenant in the *Victory*, and aide-de-camp to the daring old Admiral Kempenfelt. In 1782, Mr. Durham, as aide-de-camp, was transferred, with the admiral, to that ill-fated vessel the *Royal George*; but was among the few who escaped when that ship sank at Spithead. In 1790, he was promoted to the rank of commander; and sent out, in the *Daphne*, with despatches to the West Indies. In July, 1793, he received the first piece of plate given by the merchants of London for the capture of a French privateer. He was then in command of the *Spitfire*; in which he made several thousand pounds prize-money,—all subsequently lost by the failure of a banker.

Thus much seemed due to the character of the individual whose memoirs are before us; but it would be impossible to catalogue the incidents of his long career, which in the book itself are rather indicated than developed. There is an account of the ill-contrived expedition, composed of *émigrés*, to Quiberon Bay; in which the gallant *Sombreuil* and the flower of the French noblesse perished. Captain Durham was sent home to explain the cause of the failure: but he soon rejoined his ship, and was thus brought into connexion with the Comte d'Artois (afterwards Charles X.) and the Duc de Bourbon, who were on board a frigate off Huet Island. After the troops were withdrawn from Quiberon Bay, Captain Durham remained off the coast. During the cruise a singular circumstance happened to him:—

"He was ordered to attack the island of Noirmontier, at the mouth of the Loire; and an *émigré* was sent on board to pilot the *Anson* in, instead of which he ran her aground near a fort. Captain Durham was most indignant, and threatened to hang him. Colonel Graham (afterwards Lord Lynedoch) and many other officers were on board at the time, and he recommended them to consult their own safety, as the ship was being hulled by the enemy's shot. In a few hours, however, with the return of the tide, the *Anson* was got off without great damage. In the year 1815, when he co-operated with the French and British armies in preserving Martinique, and reducing Guadaloupe to the Bourbon crown, Sir Philip Durham paid his respects to the governor. The latter looked at him and said, 'If you had hung your pilot at Noirmontier, I should not have

the pleasure of receiving you here.' The admiral then recognized his old pilot, who was no less than the Comte de Vangirand, a distinguished naval officer, then governor of Martinique."

The capture of the *Loire*, by the *Anson*, conferred high honour on Captain Durham:—

"While the *Anson* was refitting, Captain Durham went to London and to Court, where he saw the Duke of Clarence, who said to him,—'Captain, attending that French squadron for seventeen days, as you did, and your capture of the *Loire*, after your action with the five frigates, was a fine piece of service, and does you great credit.' His Royal Highness then took off his sword and belt, and presented them to Captain Durham. As soon as the *Anson* was refitted, Captain Durham sailed on a cruise, and on his return was placed in command of a squadron, consisting of three frigates, and was to have sailed in quest of some ships that were expected home from South America, but the morning the squadron was to sail, he was directed to deliver his orders to Captain Pierrepont, and to proceed to Weymouth, to attend his Majesty. The squadron sailed without him, and captured the Spanish galleons; and he was thus deprived of sharing the prize money, which was something very considerable. While at Weymouth, the King came on board to take a sail (the *San Fiorenzo* being under repair), and soon afterwards two boats came alongside, containing Lord Loughborough and Mr. Wyndham. They remained a long time in conversation with his Majesty, who seemed much agitated, and on one occasion raised his hat with both hands off his head, and exclaimed, 'Never, I would sooner lose my crown.' Captain Durham and Sir Harry Neale, who were walking the deck at the time, supposed the subject that agitated the King so much was the Catholic question, about which the Ministers had come to see his Majesty. The King dined on board, and there being three tables, the captain requested Lord Loughborough to take the head of one and Mr. Wyndham the other, his Majesty dining at the other table with a party of ladies of rank. It was customary for the captain to present the King with the first plate, which Captain Durham did, but presented it on the wrong side. His Majesty turned sharply round, and said,—'What, what,—not much accustomed to this I see; go and get your dinner.' In the evening, the King and Queen were present at a grand ball given on board the *Anson*."

Up to the Peace of Amiens, Captain Durham was in active service; he then remained for a short time on half-pay. In the year 1804, as captain of the *Defiance*, he was employed under Admiral Collingwood. In 1805, he joined Sir Robert Calder's fleet:—

"Admirals Calder and Collingwood were cruising in different directions, in order to intercept Admiral Villeneuve, and to prevent him from getting into a French or Spanish port. About the middle of July, Admiral Sir Robert Calder made signal for the captain of the *Defiance* to come on board his ship. On entering the cabin, Sir Robert said he had a particular communication to make to him, and said,—'The French fleet is returning from the West Indies. Now, as I have always considered you one of the eyes of my squadron, I request you will go and look out for them. You may take up any position you please, only don't lose sight of me.' Captain Durham took his station according to his instructions, sometimes keeping a long way ahead of the fleet. On the morning of the 22nd of July, being considerably upon Sir Robert's weather bow, Mr. Osmond, the master, came on the poop, and said,—'Sir, the admiral is standing too far to the eastward; if the enemy is coming home he will pass in shore, that is, to the south-west of us.' Captain Durham immediately referred to the chart, and became convinced of the correctness of the master's opinion; he ordered the ship to be put about, and made all sail for the W.S.W.; Sir Robert still standing to the N.E. At twelve o'clock the man at the mast-head discovered a fleet W.S.W. The *Defiance* was then at such a distance from the admiral, that the captain was in great fear his signals would not be seen, and let fly the top-gallant sheets, yawed the ship, and fired guns from both sides, which fortunately succeeded in calling the admiral's attention, who wore, and stood towards

the *Defiance*. The combined fleets amounted to twenty sail of the line, three large ships, armed 'en flute,' five frigates, and three brigs. Sir Robert's fleet consisted of fifteen sail of the line (but two of these were sixty-four gun ships), two frigates, a cutter, and a lugger. On seeing the enemy, Sir Robert Calder made signal in the Prince of Wales to prepare for battle, and to form order of sailing in two columns. At two p.m., the *Defiance* having stood on to within two miles of the enemy, joined, and took her station in the line. An action ensued (begun by Sir Robert Calder with great skill and intrepidity), which lasted four hours, the enemy fighting the whole time with the most determined bravery. At the end of that time, two of the enemy's ships of the line (the *St. Raphael* and *El Firme*) struck, and were taken possession of. Sir Robert deemed it necessary to bring the squadron to, to cover the captured ships. This precaution was rendered still more necessary by the state of the weather, which was so foggy as to prevent the British ships from seeing the vessels ahead or astern of them, and it was impossible to manœuvre with any effect. * * On the morning of the 23rd, Captain Durham was ordered to keep sight of the enemy, and to take his station between the two fleets, which he did, fully expecting the action would be renewed. He made the signal to Sir Robert Calder, 'You can weather the enemy.' No movement followed. The enemy now commenced drawing off, and his next signal was, 'The enemy increase their distance.' He then made the last signal, 'Am I to keep sight of the enemy?'—which the admiral answered by recalling the *Defiance* to her station in the line, upon which Captain Durham called his officers, and told them to be particular in their journals, as that was not the last they would hear of that affair. He then went on board the *Prince of Wales*, and saw Sir Robert Calder, who said,—'Captain, you made me some improper signals; you were over-zealous. However, I will read you some of my despatch that is gone home.' He was astonished at hearing the words, 'Fortune brought me in sight of the enemy,' and remarked to Sir Robert, that he thought it was the signal from his ship, the *Defiance*. The admiral paused, and said, 'Well, if I had thought it would have been a feather in your cap, I would have mentioned it.' Captain Durham replied, 'that he thought bringing the fleet in sight of an enemy was a plumage in the cap of any officer,' and immediately left the cabin and returned to the *Defiance*, where he was much pleased at finding letters from several officers, congratulating him on having discovered the fleet, and one in particular from the Hon. Captain Legge."

But Captain Durham was more than recompensed by the notice of Nelson.

"The *Defiance* was ordered home to change her masts and undergo extensive repairs. As soon as she brought up at Spithead, Captain Durham went to London, and on calling at the Admiralty met Lord Nelson in the waiting room. His Lordship said, 'I am just appointed to the Mediterranean command, and sail immediately; I am sorry your ship is not ready, I should have been very glad to have you.' Captain Durham replied, 'Ask Lord Barham to place me under your Lordship's orders, and I will soon be ready.'"

Nelson did so, and Durham soon joined off Cadiz:—

"In a few days, the enemy's fleet being reported to be on the move, Captain Durham sent to Lord Nelson, to remind his Lordship that there were 750,000 dollars on board the *Defiance*, which he had brought out from England, and to inquire what was to be done with them. Lord Nelson answered, 'If the Spaniards come out, fire the dollars at them, and pay them off in their own coin.'"

The glorious victory of Trafalgar soon followed, in which he was wounded both in the leg and side. This wound appeared slight at first, but it was many years before he completely recovered. The following anecdote illustrates what is meant by the term "magnanimous":—

"Captain Durham went on board the *Euryalus* frigate to see Admiral Collingwood. He found him writing in his cabin. He inquired as to the state of the fleet. Captain Durham mentioned several ships,

and was praising the noble conduct of some of the frigates. The captain of the *Euryalus* hinted that there had been a want of exertion on the part of some particular ship. Collingwood started up and said, 'Sir, this has been a glorious victory for England and for Europe—don't let there be a reflection against a cabin-boy.' This quite silenced the captain of the *Euryalus*."

On leaving the cabin, and going on deck, Captain Durham

"observed a French officer leaning on the capstan. He entered into conversation with him, and found he was the French Admiral Villeneuve, who had been brought on board the *Euryalus*. He said, 'Sir, you were in Sir Robert Calder's action?' The captain replied that he was, and had commanded the ship that first discovered the fleet, and had remained with them for four or five hours till Sir Robert Calder came up. Villeneuve sighed, and said, 'I wish Sir Robert and I had fought it out that day. He would not be in his present situation, nor I in mine.'"

In 1806, Captain Durham received the command of a squadron, and was sent to look out for Jerome Bonaparte, then expected from America. In 1810 he was made rear-admiral, and sent to the Baltic, thence to the Texel. When the Dutch fleet was dismantled, the squadron was ordered to Spithead, and the Admiral struck his flag, and started for London:—

"He had only been there a short time, when an Admiralty messenger came up to him in the street, and said Mr. Yorke wished to see him immediately. Mr. Yorke informed him that the French squadron had escaped from L'Orient, and that the Admiralty had five sail of the line and two frigates ready to pursue them at St. Helen's, and said, 'We want an admiral to take the command. Will you go?' 'Yes.' 'But when?' 'Out of this room.' 'If you do,' said Mr. Yorke incredulously, 'it will be more than has been done yet. We have no difficulty in finding flag officers, but they have always so many wants before they can sail.' Admiral Durham inquired if the ships were ready. Mr. Yorke said yes, and handed him the list of five sail of the line, requested he would choose. The admiral said, 'Ships to me are like hackney coaches, so I will take the first off the stand'; but observing the Venerable with an acting captain, (Captain Dundas for Sir Home Popham, who was then in Parliament,) he said he would take her. Mr. Yorke then called in Mr. Croker, the secretary, who seemed equally astonished at the admiral being ready to sail at a moment's notice. Two junior lords of the Admiralty were then sent for, and they held a board; and having determined upon the outline of the instructions and orders, Mr. Croker promised to have them ready at six o'clock, it being then four. Admiral Durham then sent a messenger to his house in Gloucester Place, with orders to his servant to put up a few things, to have a post chaise and four ready in an hour, and to go to Kingston and on to Portsmouth, ordering horses on the road, and a boat to be ready at the sally-port at daylight. Having received his orders, the admiral proceeded without loss of time to Portsmouth, embarked at the sally-port at daylight for St. Helen's, hoisted his flag in the Venerable, and ordered the squadron to get under way immediately, to their great astonishment. They appeared to be in no hurry, and after some delay, the Plantagenet made signal 'Cannot purchase anchor.' Admiral Durham briefly answered, 'Cut your cable,' and made the signal general, 'Enemy at sea.' These few energetic words acted like a talisman on the whole squadron. There were no more excuses, the captains flew round like lightning, and the ships were under way in half an hour."

Shortly afterwards, Admiral Durham had the command of a squadron in the Basque Roads, which led to his becoming Commander-in-chief in the Leeward Islands. On all occasions he showed his characteristic readiness and vigilance. Another amusing instance must be given. While cruising in the Venerable, off the isle of Palma, two large French ships were discovered to windward:—

"who immediately on seeing the Venerable (the

admiral having in some manner disguised her), bore up in chase, and came down within eight or ten miles of her before they discovered their mistake, when they made all sail to escape from her. The admiral then began his pursuit, and from the superiority of the Venerable's sailing, came up within hail of them at sunset, and called out to the sternmost vessel to bring to, upon which she hoisted French colours, and for answer, poured in her whole broadside and musketry, which was instantly returned, everybody being at quarters. The Frenchman fired a second broadside, and in the smoke bore up under all sail, and ran right on board the Venerable with the intention of boarding her. Observing his higher sails becalmed above the smoke, the admiral suspected what his intention was, and called out to the man at the helm to ease her off, so as to let him strike obliquely. However, he came into them going about nine knots an hour, and struck the Venerable such a blow that the admiral and most of the marines on the poop were knocked down. The boarders were then called up, and they lashed the Frenchman forward, while he was secured abaft; the order was then given to board, and they made good use of their cutlasses, killing and wounding a great number before she struck her colours, and, as it was then dark, the other frigate escaped for the time. When the French captain came on board to deliver up his sword, it was found that he was wounded in several places; but he was so enraged at the captain of the other frigate having run away, that he could think of nothing else. The other captain was the senior of the two, and had promised to run on board the Venerable at the same time. The admiral sent him into his cabin, telling him the surgeon would attend him. It being a rainy night, the admiral put on his great coat over his uniform, and having occasion to go to his cabin, he found the surgeon dressing the French captain's wounds, and a marine holding the lantern, which he took from him, and held himself, and said to the Frenchman, 'Your comrade hailed you just as we came up.' He answered, 'Yes; he said if we part company I shall change my course every two hours, two points west, and my rendezvous will be in the north-west.' Admiral Durham immediately gave back the lantern to the marine, called for the log, and wrote on it eight o'clock, wind E.N.E. The ship was so much disabled that it was nearly two days before she and the prize could be got ready to proceed. The admiral then called the master, and told him the particulars, which were a plain problem to work. He calculated the frigate would be in the W.N.W., distant about 200 miles. Admiral Durham desired the captain to steer to the N.W. under all possible sail; the latter seemed much astonished, and said, 'Then you are not going to the West Indies?' 'That does not follow.' Next day at noon they had run about 153 miles; and the admiral called out to the look-out man to know if he saw any strange sail. The captain seeing him so anxious, remarked, 'Admiral, you seem to have got something in your head.' 'I have,' was the reply; 'I expect to see the other frigate.' 'Well, that is a most extraordinary idea; I don't think there is the smallest chance of it.' The admiral replied, 'If I had taken your advice, I should never have seen either of them.' Shortly after this conversation, the man at the mast head called out, 'A sail on the weather bow.' The captain went up to look at her, and said, 'She is a small vessel, and looks like one of our traders running to the southward.' Admiral Durham called for his long glass, saying he would go up and look at her himself. As he was going up the fore rigging, he overheard the men saying, 'D— it, what a rum admiral we have got, he is going aloft.' The ship's company were all strangers to him, never having sailed with him before. As soon as he got a look at the strange sail he felt convinced it was the frigate, and called out to the captain to disguise the ship as much as possible, and to steer straight for her. On hearing this, the ship's company were all in a stir, the captain still persisting that it was not the frigate. She came down to the Venerable under all sail, supposing it was her consort; and came a little too near before she was undeceived. On perceiving her mistake she hauled round to make her escape. 'Look there,' said the admiral, 'did you ever see that stern before.' As night was closing, and dirty weather coming on, Admiral Durham picked out three mid-

shipmen, who were qualified for lieutenants, — in short, a whole staff for a ship's company, — and told them to keep a sharp look out for the Frenchman during the night, and not to lose sight of her, as their promotion depended on her being taken. He went on the poop himself, and remained there till the frigate struck. In the morning she was about two miles distant. On coming up with the frigate she gave a sheer to port, to give the Venerable her larboard broadside, the captain called out to the helmsman to do the same, to enable her to bring her broadside to bear on the frigate. Admiral Durham immediately gave orders to do quite the contrary, so as to allow the Frenchman's broadside to pass obliquely, which was done. She then sheered to starboard to give the Venerable the other broadside, — upon which the latter again did the contrary. By these judicious manoeuvres the Venerable received no other damage than a few shots through the sails; and by the time the frigate came to her original course, the Venerable's bowsprit was in her mizen rigging, and she hauled down her colours without Admiral Durham firing a shot at her; upon which the captain said, 'I wish you joy of your prize, but you risked the lives of a number of our people.' Admiral Durham made answer, 'If we had given her a broadside and killed thirty or forty of her crew, and disabled the ship, which I mean to take to the West Indies with me, what satisfaction would it have been? We have now a ship that has not lost a rope. If you choose to have the command of her she is at your service.' The names of the two frigates taken on this occasion were, — the first, the *Alcmene*, forty-four guns, and three hundred and fifty men, commanded by Captain Ducrést de Villeneuve, who had so gallantly defended her. The second was the *Iphigénie*, of forty-four guns, and three hundred and fifty men, with one hundred and fifty British seamen on board, as prisoners, taken out of ships belonging to Lord Colville's convoy. Admiral Durham then steered for the West Indies, taking his prizes with him. The Venerable's loss on this occasion was two seamen killed and four wounded. That of the enemy, two petty officers and thirty seamen killed and fifty wounded. The damage done to the Venerable by the *Alcmene* running into her consisted of three lower deck ports knocked off, the foremast-yard carried away, and the rigging, stays, and bob-stays much cut by the shot."

Such a sea adventure has all the interest of one of the best descriptions in Cooper's novels, and shows that truth is often as romantic as fiction. At the period of Bonaparte's escape from Elba, Admiral Durham applied to the Admiralty to be relieved, but his services were too valuable to be now easily surrendered. The tri-coloured flag at Guadaloupe was destined to strike to the Venerable in 1815. It was the last of that war: curious enough, the first had, in 1793, struck to the same man when commanding the Spitfire. Such coincidences are frequent in the lives of the enterprising and the busy. On the return of the Bourbons, Admiral Durham was treated with much attention in Paris and at Naples. He was also present at the coronation of Charles X., which he attended as a Chevalier de l'Ordre du Mérite Militaire.

Admiral Durham also lived to receive royal consideration and courtesy from Queen Victoria, whom, in 1837, he attended with a small squadron to Brighton. Not, indeed, until 1839 did he strike, for the last time, his flag: from that time, to 1844, he sojourned alternately in London and Scotland. In that year he lost his second wife. He was then eighty-two years of age; but he resolved to seek relief in travel; and in January 1845 he started for Italy, once again to visit those shores along which he had so often sailed in former years. He suffered a good deal from the fatigues of a winter journey — was confined with inflammation of the chest at Rome, but proceeded onwards, and died at Naples on the 2nd April, 1845. He was a man of heroic spirit, happy in the age to which he was born, and equally so in that to which he lived. The cycle of events which the period of his life embraced

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(though alluded to in the briefest manner in the modest memoir before us) suggest a panoramic background to his biography, full of interesting historical associations. These, according to the political bias, will be ever subject to mingled praise and censure; but heroism is illustrious in itself, and, as one type of human virtue, will always receive, as it deserves, the applause of men of all parties.

The Citizen of Prague. Translated by Mary Howitt. 3 vols. Colburn.

UNDISMAYED by the competition of rival translators, Mrs. Howitt proceeds indefatigably in her task of naturalizing foreign fictions; and (what is still more praiseworthy) becomes more careful and precise in her versions as she advances. Of course, in a series like the one put forth by our authoress, the prizes vary in amount;—nay, too, the humour of the public, and its leisure to entertain a new novel, have something to do with immediate acceptance and success. We cannot expect that every new tale worth translating should turn out an 'Improvisatore,' or that a nation busy over the Corn Laws, the Income Tax, the Potato Disease, and we know not how many other grave questions,—should have its ears as open for lighter matters as during one of those lulls in the political and mercantile worlds, when all goes "merry as the marriage bell." But all comparisons made, and modifying circumstances allowed for, 'The Citizen of Prague' is worth the labour bestowed upon it by the translator. After reading it, though conscious of much which our countrymen will call prosy,—though bewildered by a crowd of characters, and the edge having been too often taken off our appetites by suspensions of interest at that precise moment when the story should move forward,—we cannot but record the impression that these German novelists work in the spirit of artists, as distinguished from our English romance-manufacturers. The points complained of are matters of national taste and temperament,—while there exists a life and colour independent of them for those who can rid themselves of all associations of manner,—a spirit belonging to no special world of religious opinions and social ordinances, but to that great empire of Genius, which is—

Wide as the earth and boundless as the sea!

We have been told that under its original title, as 'Thomas Thyrnau,' 'The Citizen of Prague' excited a greater sensation in Germany than even the first of Miss Bremer's novels, or the *début* of the admirable Dane who told the wonders of the South-land so pictorially. The work is certainly more heroic and more romantic than either. It deals with the great events and personages of History. Foremost in the rank is King Maria Theresa, whose portrait is spiritedly made out. The Empress, however, who was made to play the over-scrupulous gossip by George Sand, in her 'Consuelo' [*vide Ath.* No. 826], here approaches the character of the "tremendous converser" deprecated by Dr. Johnson. Her eloquence may be imperial, but it is somewhat wearisome; and though we are assured of her noble ambitions and generous sentiments, we breathe more freely when the door of the council-chamber is closed, and Count Lacy and Princess Claudia and the Princess Therese (≠ Cleopatra in the number of her caprices, rather than in their fascination) are left to play their parts. Then we have Prince Kaunitz: a fancy figure, if the notes of our accomplished traveller, Mr. Swinburne, are to be relied upon [*vide Ath.* No. 297]. Here is nothing of the *petit-maitre*—nothing of the *gourmand* pouting at the guest who dared to lay audacious hands on his sweetmeats,—but a brilliant, resolute, high-minded statesman, who contrives by his

persuasions and representations to throw a mantle of greatness and virtue even over Voltaire's "sincère et tendre Pompadour," so that an alliance between the daughter of many kings and the mistress of the most dissolute of French royalties comes to be felt as a desirable piece of state-policy.

But we are, perhaps, beginning at the wrong end of our task:—talking of Emperesses and Ministers, and such pompous accessory personages, when the romance-reader is longing to hear about the lovers. The gentleman is the Count Lacy, who, at the outset of the story, appears on the scene fettered by the injunctions of a mysterious will. These bind him to wed the grand-daughter of Thomas Thyrnau, an Advocate closely concerned in the affairs of his family. Not having even seen the lady, and being, as is natural, repelled rather than attracted by such a tyrannical condition, Count Lacy prefers, somewhat wilfully, to wed a certain Princess Claudia Morani:—wilfully, inasmuch as, though the lady is an angel of wisdom and sweetness, her roses have begun to fade, and her thoughts have for some time been set on a convent. It is remarkable, by the way, how constantly we find in German fiction, high-heartedness proved by unsuitability in marriage. The author, however, has his own plan for equalizing matters: which, again, we must confess to be too much in the German taste. While wooing the pale and saintly Princess Claudia on her own terrace at Vienna, he is surprised by the apparition of two mysterious children who have been bred in an Ursuline convent, and protected by the Princess. These are a brother and sister; and with them comes a maiden quaintly attired, who testifies strange emotion at sight of Lacy. He, too, is more moved than an expectant bridegroom should be: the explanation of which emotion is obvious to all who have any insight into the workings of the romancer's craft. For the manner, however, in which this disturbing passion thrives, and is finally brought to a happy issue, we must refer the reader to the tale. It would be unpardonable were we to leave unnoticed the figure of Thomas Thyrnau, who, seen or unseen—whether as the guardian of the Lacy family, or as the agitator for Bohemian independence and afterwards friend of Maria Theresa—occupies the central position, and binds together the scattered (or surrounding) episodes and adventures. His generosity is pitched at a noble height, and his patriotism possesses that last grace—the dignity of self-renunciation. Finally, we must repeat that the fault of 'The Citizen of Prague' is a certain cumbrousness. Separate pictures are richly coloured:—as, for instance, those of the Ursuline convent—of the Princess Therese in her vault: and the fair Magda whose captivity in Karlstein is cheered by the kind offices of the light-hearted Trautsohn. Then too, the visit of the false Lacy to the old house of the family, and the confusions caused thereby, make up a clever *equivoque*: but, as a whole, the book is addressed to a public more patient over its pleasures than our countrymen.

A Harmony of the Four Gospels in Greek, according to the Text of Hahn. Newly arranged, with Explanatory Notes. By Edward Robinson, D.D. Wiley & Putnam.

THIS book, by one so celebrated in sacred literature as Dr. Robinson, of New York, must be of great value to biblical students. The circumstances of our Saviour's life and ministry are here brought under one view,—the narrative of each Evangelist occupying a separate column. This plan must save every student both time and trouble—more, in fact, than anybody can conceive, unless he tries the experiment of

turning from gospel to gospel to ascertain the exact words of each author. To the clergy such a book must be invaluable. Of course it is not the first of the kind; that of Archbishop Newcome, especially, having long been well known to the student in this country, and more generally read than any other,—we allude to the Greek Harmonies only. The present is, in many respects, superior to the Archbishop's. Here let the author speak for himself. Having observed that in a work of this kind no great novelty is to be expected, he says—

"Yet, in the lapse of centuries, and even of years, there is a constant progress in the discovery or observation of new facts and circumstances, bearing upon the social and also the physical history of the Hebrews and other ancient nations. These all serve to enlarge the circle of biblical knowledge; they add to the apparatus and means of the interpreter and harmonist, and thus enable him often to shed new light upon topics which before were dark or doubtful. It may also be truly said that in no former period, perhaps, has there been accumulated a greater amount of such facts and of such progress than in the almost seventy years which have elapsed since the original publication of 'Newcome's Harmony.' Hence, in a similar work issued at the present day, the scholar may justly require that it shall exhibit the results of all these latter investigations into language, manners and customs, history, geography, and the like, so far as they are well-founded, and thus become, to a certain extent, the representative of the present state of biblical science in this particular department. Such, accordingly, has been my aim in the preparation of this volume. I have, also, everywhere endeavoured faithfully to judge and write, according to the impressions left on my mind by a personal inspection of most of the scenes of the gospel history, a privilege enjoyed, I believe, by no previous harmonist. If, then, the scholar shall find little or nothing of positively new matter in these pages, he will yet find, I trust, some new views, and also some new illustrations of old views, which are now-a-days assailed. This is true especially in respect to the transactions during the last six months of our Lord's life and ministry; and the remark applies more particularly to the identification of the city Ephraim, and the return of Jesus from that place, through Perea, to the important Passover question; and to the mode of harmonizing the several accounts of the Lord's resurrection and its accompanying incidents. All these and other like topics are discussed in the notes, to which the reader is respectfully referred. The notation of place in connection with every section, though not wholly a new feature, is yet much more definitely carried out."

But the harmonist has much more to do than is stated in the preceding extract. He has, among other duties, not only to give a clear and connected view of Gospel History, but sometimes to reconcile apparent contradictions. Let us take, for instance, the dispute as to the number of Passovers observed by our Saviour, and consequently as to the duration of his ministry on earth. The following observations respecting it are judicious, and, to a candid mind, convincing:—

"The Gospels of Matthew, Mark and Luke, along with many diversities, have, nevertheless, a striking affinity with each other in their general features of time and place. But, when compared with John's Gospel, there is seen to be a diversity no less striking between them and the latter, not only in respect to chronology, but likewise as to the part of the country where our Lord's discourses and mighty works mainly occurred. The three speak only of one Passover, that at which Jesus suffered; and from this it would follow, that our Lord's ministry continued at most only about six months. John expressly enumerates three Passovers, and more probably four, during Christ's ministry; which, therefore, must have had a duration of, at least, two and a half years, and more probably of three and a half. Again, Matthew, Mark and Luke place the scene of Jesus' public ministrations chiefly in Galilee; whence he goes up to Jerusalem only just before his

death. John, on the other hand, narrates the miracles and discourses of our Lord as occurring principally at Jerusalem, on various former occasions as well as at his last visit. The first difference is at once set aside by the remark, that although the three Evangelists do expressly mention only one Passover, yet they do not anywhere, nor in any way, affirm, or even imply, that there were no more; while the testimony of John is express and definite. And further, the incident, narrated by all the three writers, of the disciples plucking ripe ears of grain as they went through the fields necessarily presupposes the recent occurrence of a Passover during our Lord's ministry, different from the one at which he suffered; and this is further confirmed by Luke's mention of the *σάββατον διευρεσπρωτων* in the same connexion. This difference being thus satisfactorily explained, the existence of the second difference is of course accounted for. If John is right in enumerating several Passovers, he is right in narrating what took place at Jerusalem on those occasions. But more than this, we find in the other Evangelists several things in which they too seem to allude to earlier visits and labours of Jesus in the Holy City. So the language in which our Lord laments over Jerusalem, as having rejected his efforts (Matth. xxiii. 37; Luke xi. 34.) So, too, the mention of Scribes and Pharisees from Jerusalem, who seek to catch him in his words (Matth. iv. 25; xv. 1.); and further, his intimate relations with the family of Lazarus (Luke x. 38, 39; comp. John xi. 1, 2.) For these reasons, I do not hesitate to follow, with most commentators, the chronology of John's Gospel, and assign to our Lord's ministry four Passovers, or a duration of three and a half years."

The notes at the end of the volume contain much valuable matter, chiefly condensed from other sources (especially the German commentators), but many, also, the property of the learned author. The whole is preceded by a 'Synopsis of the Harmony,' to which no biblical student can refer without advantage.

Sketches from Life. By the late Laman Blanchard. With a Memoir of the Author, by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton, Bart. 3 vols. Colburn.

THIS selection from the papers of a graceful writer of light literature is prefaced by a Memoir, in which the few and simple events of a struggling author's life, are told with feeling by Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton. No good purpose could be answered by our lingering over the slight memoir, or entering critically into a consideration of the merits of the writer. Our pleasanter duty is to draw attention to the work itself, and thus assist the benevolent purpose of those who have arranged the publication for the benefit of a family of orphans. Thus it will be sufficient to say, that these 'Sketches from Life' are the literary remains of one who wrought hard and died early; and that we earnestly recommend them as making one of the pleasantest parlour-window books which has appeared since 'The Book without a Name.' For specimens, we will give one of a professed continuation of Charles Lamb's 'Popular Fallacies':—

"Second Thoughts are Best.

"For some considerable period previous to the world's arrival at years of discretion, it was a question whether women had souls; but that men, by whom the question was modestly mooted, had minds—each male creature having a whole one to his own share—was never disputed for an instant. Yet this, like other indubitable truths, there is great reason to doubt. How many hundreds of particular friends could each of us give a list of, who have never thoroughly succeeded in 'making up their minds,' who really 'never know their own minds.' How should they when they change them so often! They are not in the same mind two seconds together. They never keep a mind long enough to know it. Yet while in this very state, the whole tribe of human chameleons are fain to flatter themselves that they have 'two minds' instead of none. When a man doesn't know what to think, he observes, 'I

have two minds.' When most irresolute, we think ourselves capable of wonderful determination. How to decide is more than we can tell—what in the world to do, we know not—but we have 'a very great mind.' Second thoughts are often sneakers—treacherous untiers of true love-knots, roughish dishonourers of handsome acceptances. The first thought comes with a hand open as day, the second with a tight fist prepared rather for a blow than a boon. The first springs from a generous disinterested impulse, the second from a shrinking of the heart and a selfish betrayal of self. The first is a gallant gentleman, a little imprudent and headlong sometimes; the second, a close curmudgeon who won't do good when it costs him nothing, lest it grow into a habit, and he be induced to sacrifice a sixpence at past eighty. Second thought turns the jovial resolution to make your visitor stop to dinner, into a hesitating hope that he will come and dine some day when the weather settles. They pare a banquet down to a sandwich, under the pretence of making it the feast of reason, and leave you to find the flow of soul in cold water. All that need be said for them is that they are best once in a way, but the exception proves the rule of inferiority. A man whose impulses are in favour of stinginess is seldom generous on second thoughts; but generosity often falls back upon meanness when it has had time to cogitate. Second thoughts are far less liable to say, boldly, 'I'll make him a present of it,' or 'I'll discharge the duties gratuitously,' than to mutter inwardly, 'Why should I?' or 'I may as well ask for another hundred a-year while I'm about it.' The effort to be virtuous, in frequent instances, dies away before its purpose is completed; but meditated vice rarely rises, by the second thought medium, into pure and exalted virtue. Even when second thoughts come to a right purpose, they generally come in the wrong place. They thrust themselves forward to break off a match after a heart has been won, and a family thrown into convulsions; but they never made their appearance at the heels of the declaration of love, when it might more easily have been tripped up. Second thoughts have an awkward habit of being too late. They have a knack of sending the reprieve after the victim has been turned off. The good intention of going to drag a neighbour out of the flames when his house is on fire, is, if the result of second thoughts, pretty sure to find the object of its tardy humanity reduced to a cinder. The good intention of plunging in to the rescue of a drowning wretch who has twice risen to the surface, is defeated by the selfish intruder, second thoughts, suggesting to the humane spectator of the accident, 'Though you can swim well, you may be seized with the cramp;' and second thoughts may be seen scampering off along the banks of the river, on a benevolent search for assistance half a mile off. Before this has been attained it has become useless, and then another thought arises—'Perhaps I had better know nothing at all about the affair thus accidentally witnessed, or I may get blamed for inhumanity which was but common prudence—rheumatism's no joke.' This is another disadvantage attendant upon second thoughts—they lead to third; and these in turn to suggestions darker and darker—and so on to things without number, that are no thoughts at all, until the mind becomes a prey to indecision, and exhausts itself in the conviction that it cannot be stable unless it is shifting, and that the way to be right is to be continually abandoning one wrong position for another."

On closing these volumes, it seems as if we had taken leave of the last of the Essayists. If our misgiving be founded on truth, the fact will give the collection a permanent value in every English library of *belles lettres*, apart from the fancy and kindliness of heart the papers themselves display. A parting look, moreover, affords us a literary anecdote from Mr. Buckstone's pleasant contribution to the memoir:—

"Blanchard and Jerrold had serious thoughts of joining Lord Byron in Greece; they were to become warriors, and assist the poet in the liberation of the classic land. Many a nightly wandering found them discussing their project. In the midst of one of these discussions they were caught in a shower of rain, and sought shelter under a gateway. The rain con-

tinued; when their patience becoming exhausted, Blanchard, buttoning up his coat, exclaimed, 'Come on, Jerrold; what use shall we be to the Greeks if we stand up for a shower of rain?' So they walked home and were heroically wet through."

Survey of the Oregon Territory, of the Two Californias, and of the Gulf of California,
By M. Duflot de Mofras.

[Second Notice.]

THE length of time since M. de Mofras left the shores of the Pacific, and the changes which are effected every month in the relative proportions of the colonists, render it necessary for us to make use of other sources of information, and so to incorporate them as to lay before the reader a comprehensive, though succinct, statement of the essential facts relating to the subject. We do this the more readily, as not one of the periodicals we have seen, English or American, has done adequate justice to it.

The territory of Oregon (so called from the great river which drains it, but which is more frequently called the Columbia), is bounded on the south by Upper California, on the west by the Pacific, on the east by the Rocky Mountains, and on the north partly by Russian American and partly by our own acknowledged possessions. Its length is from lat. 42° to 54° 40', or about 880 English miles. The breadth varies considerably, but almost uniformly, according as the mountain chain to the east recedes from or advances towards the Pacific: in the northern part it is about three, in the south about seven hundred miles. Its superficial extent is estimated at fully 400,000 square miles, or half that of all the states forming the American Union. In so vast an extent of country the soil and climate vary exceedingly. From the forty-second degree to the mouth of the river Columbia, which is situated between the forty-sixth and forty-seventh degrees, the former is, in the valleys, fertile, and the latter salubrious, resembling on the whole the neighbouring province of California. Not that either is so uniformly; for the districts on the slopes of the mountains (there are two chains west of the Rocky, at least they are so called, although it is easy to perceive that they consist of irregular elevations,) are barren and bold, while those lying on the rivers, though exceedingly fertile, are not so favourable to health. This southern division of the country is of infinitely greater value than that north of the Columbia, viz., from the forty-seventh to the fifty-fourth degree. Indeed, it may be doubted whether, by any other occupants than the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, whose chief employment is the purchase from the Indians of salmon, furs and skins, this northern division would be worth accepting as a gift. The soil, except in the vicinity of Puget's Sound, and in two or three other localities, is singularly barren, and the climate in the wintry season severe,—far more so, we are told, than in the same parallels on the eastern coast of the continent. And even of the southern division there are portions, and those of great extent, which, for many generations, will not be settled by civilized man. The three mountain chains just mentioned, the Rocky, the Blue, and the Far West or President's (the two latter, however, are neither so long, so high, nor so uniform in their course as the first), necessarily form three valleys, which, though irregular, are nearly parallel with each other. Of these the first, or that between the Rocky Mountains and the Blue, is everywhere barren, save in the vicinity of the rivers and streams. Hot in summer and piercingly cold in winter, vegetation is sure to be parched in one season and destroyed in the other. Yet in this region of mountain and stream, of precipice and rock, there are districts fit for pasture besides those on

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the banks of the rivers, which are confessedly fertile, and the air is very salubrious, being elastic, pure, bracing, the sky seldom obscured by a cloud. This valley is from ninety to one hundred leagues in breadth. West of it is the middle or central valley, between the Blue and the Far West Mountains, which is much smaller (being nowhere wider than fifty leagues, and scarcely half the length), and is much less fertile than the former. In fact, some portions of it, especially the banks of the Walla-Walla, may vie in fertility with any portion of the New World. In such spots, consequently, it is capable of a high degree of cultivation; and in others less favoured, it is still well adapted for the rearing of cattle. But the great scene of fertility, and consequently that most coveted by the rival claimants, is the valley on the Pacific, varying in width from 25 to 40 leagues, extending from south to north 150 leagues, and containing about 50,000 square miles. This is, in an eminent sense of the word, the great agricultural region of the Oregon. Not that it is wholly available; for the portion adjacent to the sea is sandy; that lying on the lower rivers is subject to frequent inundations, while some of the higher grounds are irreclaimable. But, after all drawbacks, there is land enough in this western valley to support some millions of settlers. The climate, however, is not so healthy as in either of the more eastern valleys—for so we suppose they must be called, though often there is only one chain of hills or irregular elevations to bound them. There is a rainy season from October to April, with some intermissions of snow and frost; but the former is soon melted away, while the latter, throughout the winter, seldom impedes the navigation of the rivers. According to M. de Mofras, the climate is "very hot in summer," but the American writers tell us that the thermometer seldom rises above 80°. Be this as it may, the heat is frequently alleviated by breezes from the west and north-west, and the nights are delightfully cool. All opinions, American and European, concur in predicting that the portion of the valley south of the Columbia, and especially the banks of the Willamet, will be the seat of future empire. And well they may concur, if there be no exaggeration in the following description from a recent number of an *American Quarterly Review*:

"Tropical plants thrive in parts of Oregon. At Astoria, near the mouth of the Columbia, there are dense growths of forest trees, which attain to enormous size: 'A fir measured forty-six feet in circumference at ten feet from the earth; the length of its trunk before giving off a branch, was one hundred and fifty-three feet, and its whole length not less than 300 feet. Another tree of the same species, on the banks of the Umqua river, is fifty-seven feet in girth of trunk, and 216 feet in length below its branches. Prime sound pines, from 200 to 280 feet in height, and from 20 to 40 feet in circumference, are by no means uncommon.' (Greenhow, *Hist. California and Oregon*, p. 26.) The woods which principally flourish are black ash, hazel, dogwood, cherry, maple, sycamore, fir, white and red cedar, cotton wood, white and swamp oak, willows, walnuts, and an undergrowth of aromatic shrubs, creepers and clambering vines, with all the varieties of berries, goose, straw, whortle, black, with cranberries, raspberries and currants. These forests are not without their large proportion of wild game, with which the country sufficiently abounds,—stags, deer, bears, black and grizzly, ashata, foxes, wolves, raccoons, rabbits, beavers, sea and river otters, musk-rats, etc. A few panthers still prowls about,—and the antelope, the beautiful antelope, ranges over the hills. 'All the attitudes and movements of this beautiful and graceful animal,' says Mr. Irving, 'are graceful and picturesque, and it is altogether as fit a subject for the fanciful uses of the poet, as the offspring of the East.' In the middle section of Oregon the buffalo is found. Of the feathered tribe, the tenants of these regions are the swan, wild goose

and brant, duck, pelican, heron and gull, snipe, curlew, eagle, vulture, crow, raven, magpie, woodpecker, pigeon, partridge, pheasant, grouse, and singing birds without number. There are few reptiles of any description. The rivers abound with fish,—if we may rely upon the account as given by the 'member of the Oregon legislature.' 'The fisheries of the country are very great, and foremost among all the varieties which they produce is the unrivalled salmon. It would be impossible to estimate the numbers of this excellent fish annually taken in the Columbia and its tributaries; but they have been set down at ten thousand barrels a year,—which number I do not by any means think too large. All the salmon caught here are taken by the Indians, and sold to the whites at about ten cents each, and frequently for less. One Indian will take about twenty upon an average per day. There are several other kinds of fish in the bays, rivers and creeks of the territory, of which a species of cod and the sturgeon are the most important. The latter are large fish, and afford great sport in a leisure hour to take them with a hook and line. Of shell-fish, we have the crab, clams, muscles, and a small description of oysters.' In regard to the products of the field, the agricultural parts of Oregon, or those of the first section, yield wheat, it is said, from twenty to forty bushels to the acre, and that of superior quality. Indian corn and sweet potatoes do not thrive. Oats, peas, tomatoes, garden vegetables, Irish potatoes and turnips, have succeeded to advantage. Apples, peaches, cherries, plums, pears, melons, etc., may be yielded. An abundant growth of grass favors the raising of cattle,—the wappatoo, a peculiar root growing there, being profitably used for fattening hogs."

From this geographical glance at the country let us turn for a moment to the inhabitants, whether natives, or colonists from Great Britain, Canada, and the United States.

Of the native Indians, who are dispersed into many tribes, the aggregate number is believed not to exceed 30,000. This estimate, however, must be exclusive of those in the great island of Quadra and Vancouver, who alone are supposed to reach 20,000. In general they are said to be inoffensive; and on the coast of the Pacific, as well as on the banks of the Columbia and the Willamet, they may be so; but towards the north, in the vicinity of the Rocky Mountains, are frequently to be seen formidable bands of the Blackfeet, who are divided into five great tribes (speaking, it is said, as many different languages), and who are certainly not the most agreeable neighbours. The permanent habitation, however, of all the tribes is doubtless east of the chain. With all their ferocity they are strangely superstitious.

The location of Mr. Rowan upon their territory is a proof of this. This gentleman, who above thirty years has presided over a factory at Fort Edmonton, belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company, lives without alarm, though accompanied by his family and some French Canadians, in the midst of some twelve to fifteen thousand Blackfeet. So great an ascendant has he obtained over them, that they look upon him as supernatural, pray and sacrifice to him, and sometimes walk two or three hundred leagues to consult him respecting their alliances and affairs.

But the same superstition is sometimes fatal to its object. In 1840, an Indian of the same nation walked a hundred leagues into the Oregon territory to seek another agent of the company, a Mr. Black, whom he deliberately shot the moment he approached him. He was soon pursued, however, by some Indians attached to the deceased; and when forced to confess the cause of his hostility, he could assign no other than that the agent had bewitched him! The excuse did not avail him; and he was speedily sent to rejoin his victim.

Still worse than the Blackfeet are the numerous tribes of Quadra and Vancouver. Though they acknowledge a supreme Good Spirit, they never worship Him. They pray and sacrifice to an evil spirit, on the principle (so common

among savages) that there is no use in seeking the favour of One who will not hurt us, but that it is manifestly our interest to propitiate him who has both the power and the will to injure. The dignity of chief is hereditary, and polygamy is allowed to the wealthy.

Of the other Indian tribes it may be observed in general that, owing to their frequent contact with the agents of the Hudson's Bay Company, with the Canadians, and the colonists from the United States, they have fewer characteristics of savage life. Those in the Columbia, the Willamet, and Puget's Bay in particular, are more or less accustomed to civilized habits. Their women become the wives of the Canadians; and thus great numbers are induced to attend the Roman Catholic chapels which have been recently erected, and to learn many French words. But after all, their knowledge of Christianity (we do not even exclude the avowed converts) is exceedingly meagre; and they use perpetually with its exercise the rites of Paganism. They have some vague notion of the Great Spirit; but they pray to the rudest figures of men and animals cut in wood. This is particularly the case with the Chenooks, who dwell between the sea and the cataracts, or, we should rather say rapids, of the Columbia. To their little wooden images they attribute a supernatural power. They honour, above all, the wolf of the prairies; and its figure may be found on most of their canoes. Their mode of sepulture is curious. The corpse being clad in the best garments of the deceased, is placed in a canoe covered with bark, and the said canoe elevated some feet above the ground by four poles, with transverse beams—always on the banks of the river, in the forest, and the head turned in the direction of the current. The branches of the trees close by this aerial cemetery, hold the bows and arrows, the musket, axe, and kettle of the deceased. For some weeks after his death, his wife, children, and kinsmen frequently approach the canoe, and raise a howling, which is said to be peculiarly mournful at night, as it is wafted along the course of the river, or into the depths of the forest. But sometimes, also, these wild people, when they have been a few days under the instruction of the Roman Catholic missionaries, make the wilderness resound with very different notes:—

During my exploration of the river Columbia, (says M. de Mofras) I was one frosty night in December stretched upon the damp ground, ill sheltered by a canoe turned keel upwards, and half dead with hunger, having no other food than a few slices of stinking salmon. A few yards from me were the three Indians who attended me as rowers, huddled round a large fire of fir, which they can light at any time, even when the rain descends pretty heavily. Suddenly, to my great surprise, I saw each of them draw a little crucifix of bright copper from his breast, cross himself, and sing the following verse, which we all taught in childhood:

Heureux le cœur fidèle
Où règne la ferveur !
Il possède avec elle
Tous les dons du Seigneur.

This well-known tune, sung so far from France by poor savages, amidst the deepest solitude, made me instantly forget all my fatigues, privations, and the misery to which I was reduced. When they saw me join them in their chant, nothing could equal their delight. To convince me that their knowledge was not confined to this canticle, they repeated many others, as well as some prayers which Black Gown (the Abbé Blanchet) had taught them. Then looking somewhat proudly, they added, "The King Georges and the Bostons (the English and the Americans) cannot do that!"

Speaking of funerals enables us to notice other peculiarities, which are too curious to be overlooked. One of these, relative to the *Atnas* of New Caledonia (on the north-western coast of the Oregon), affords evidence enough of its

origin. When a man dies, his body is placed on the funeral pile, and his widow is stretched on his corpse. Though she is not consumed with it, she is forced to remain long enough to be pretty well scorched. Sometimes the poor woman is bound to the corpse, by the family connexions of her late lord, and thus prevented from rising until they release her,—which they take good care not to do until she is thoroughly blistered. On such occasions "a medicine-man" is always present. For some time he stands at the pile, making hideous grimaces, and reciting certain prayers. With his hands half open, he then touches the mouth of the corpse, as if to receive the soul, which is supposed not to leave its earthly abode until the body is consumed. Having thus caught the invisible being, he approaches the nearest kinsman of the deceased, opens his hands, and blows upon him,—thus conveying the said spirit to one that has the best right to inherit it. That it is so inherited, is the universal opinion; and from that moment the heir assumes both the name and arms of the dead. The corpse is no sooner consumed than the ashes are carefully collected in a wicker basket, and carried by the kindred in all the future migrations of the tribe.

Still more remarkable is the custom observed in another tribe, in reference to a deceased chief:—

To form an adequate idea of the scene about to be described, it is necessary to imagine mountains rising some five to six thousand yards above the plain, their peaks covered with everlasting snow, and their declivities with magnificent trees; at the foot of these mountains, a torrent at the bottom of a precipice, and frightful depth below; on this side the precipice, a flat prairie; and next to it, amidst the oaks and pines, the wigwams of the Indians, formed with sticks and poles, and covered with buffalo hides, representing different animal figures. In the best of these wigwams lay the corpse of the chief, surrounded by the women of the tribe: it was clad in a tunic of bison skin, and the hair tied up in the form of a plume,—a sign of his dignity. The chief appointed to succeed him having delivered, with many expressive gestures, a kind of funeral oration in honour of the deceased, whom he termed the eagle of the tribe, whose valour he compared to that of the bear, and his prudence to that of the beaver, the corpse was firmly tied on the back of the most beautiful horse, by thongs of deer-skin. In one hand the deceased chief held his lance, in the other was his bow; the scalps of the enemies whom he had slain dangled from the stirrups of the saddle; round his neck and arms were rings of glass, and copper ornaments. Amidst the loud wailings of the women, the horse and its ghastly rider were then led out to the prairie, when the warriors of the tribe, all on horseback, formed themselves into a half-moon, the two horns of which stretched to the edge of the gulf, and the horse of the chief standing in the centre. The warriors, striking together their arms, began to raise their war-song, the savage accents of which cannot be described. Terrified at the sound, the horse bounded forward, the corpse moving too and fro with every caper; but, on reaching the edge of the abyss, the poor animal started back, with foaming nostrils and flashing eyes, and vainly endeavoured to break through the living rampart, which wedged itself closer and closer, and drew nearer and nearer. Again driven forward to the brink, he again turned to renew the fruitless attempt to escape; until, at length, maddened alike by terror, by the loud shouts of the Indians, and by the pain of the wounds inflicted upon him, he plunged with his load into the gulf. The horsemen, hastening to the brink, saw corpse and animal now dashed to pieces on the rocks projecting far below, now lost in the foam of the torrent, and then returned in silence to their wigwams.

If from the native inhabitants we turn to the colonists, we shall find that the English were the first, through the North-West Company, and that, including the Canadians, they are even now the most numerous. As early as 1804, this Company

founded establishments in New Caledonia, for the more convenient traffic in furs, as well as for fishing. The success of these establishments awakened the attention of the Americans, who, in 1805, sent two of their officers—Lewis and Clarke—to survey the country west of the Rocky Mountains. The first house or hut built by them was not in existence prior to the close of 1805, and it was abandoned in March, the following year. No better fate attended a subsequent establishment on the Serpent River, which was equally forsaken in 1810. The first enterprise of the kind that promised to be permanent was Astoria, on the left bank of the Columbia, founded in 1811; but, in 1813, this petty fort was sold to the North-West Company, which had establishments north of that river long before, and which regarded the new fort as an infringement on its own rights, and complained accordingly to our government. During all this time, and afterwards, the possessions of the Company steadily increased; and after its incorporation, in 1821, with the rival association of Hudson's Bay, the two incorporated bodies being thenceforth denominated "The Honourable Hudson's Bay Company," the increase was the more conspicuous. Towards the close of 1842, the number of its forts west of the Rocky Mountains was twenty-eight, and of its stations eight; while the number of Europeans and Canadians in its service, or connected with it, reached 3,000. At that very time, too, notwithstanding the frequent attempts of the Americans to trade and colonize, and the successive arrivals of American missionaries, the republican colonists did not exceed 200! This proportion is of some importance, as it has been grossly misrepresented,—the number of the Company's servants and that of the free American settlers being represented as about equal! Since the time of M. de Mofras' visit, the latter has, beyond all question, greatly increased, especially on the banks of the Willamet, and the Walla-Walla. The exact amount of that increase it would be difficult to determine; but, with every allowance for the great influx of 1843, and the reputedly equal great one of 1845 (we say reputedly, for most of the adventurers professedly repairing to these localities have turned aside into California), we may safely doubt whether the aggregate amounts to anything like the population connected with the great British Company. From such paragraphs as the following, however (extracted from the *Southern Quarterly Review* of July last), a far greater augmentation might be inferred:—

"The Willamet, we have repeatedly observed, is the chief seat of American colonization in Oregon. On one side of this stream, and not distant from its banks, a range of high mountains stretch along, leaving between them and the river a plat of bottom lands. Five miles up this river is a somewhat elevated spot, supposed to be eligible for a town. Here one has been laid off, which is to figure in geography as Linntan, perpetuating the name of him so zealous in the cause of Oregon. Near this place, and crossing the mountains, a good road conducts the traveller to Fallatry Plains, which, it would appear, have attained some celebrity. Far to the westward these prairie lands present the most beautiful features of landscape, encircled as they almost entirely are by verdant mountains. Promising settlements, too, are distributed here. Up the Willamet, to five miles above Linntan, vessels of lighter burthen pass without difficulty; but above this, only the smallest vessels, steamers, etc., can proceed, and these only to within a few miles of the Falls. Above the Falls, which are thirty miles from the mouth of the river, the flourishing 'Oregon city,' with a population of several hundred, is located. A canal in this vicinity is projected, to connect the upper and the lower navigation of the Willamet. Between 'Oregon city' and the chief town of the territory, situated on the river ninety-five miles from the mouth of the Colum-

bia, several small settlements exist. These were originally seats of the retired servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, but are now filling up with other population. The chief town of Oregon was originally the seat of the Methodist mission, and now numbers two hundred families. The church, hospital, academy, mills, work-shops, dwellings, etc., though rude, already mark the progress of art in that quarter, and a judicial and military organization are in a state of infancy. The settlers are represented to be doing well. Conflicting accounts, it is true, have been given, and we doubt not the existence of exaggeration on both sides. Agriculture has made a moderate return, and the mechanic arts are in some demand. As a further evidence that things are doing well in Oregon, we may observe that several lawyers have found a way there already. The commerce of the country is of course small, and its existence is confined to the trading ships, the Russians and the Sandwich Islands, to which last some shingles and timber are furnished. A political establishment has not yet been perfected, but the good character of the settlers is proverbial."

By cunningly including the Canadian free settlers, who are said to reach seven or eight hundred, with the republican colonists, an imposing result is at once obtained. The "Oregon city," for instance, contains scarcely any republicans, but consists almost wholly of Canadians, who either arrived as free settlers, or became so after their stipulated term of service with the Hudson's Bay Company. It was also planned and built by a Scotchman, Dr. M'Loughlin, one of the hired servants of the Company. These settlers, indeed, have no great attachment to the British rule; and, in 1838, Mr. Lee, the American Wesleyan missionary, had no difficulty in prevailing on them to demand the protection of the Congress of Washington.

Among the settlers of the country, we must not overlook "The Puget Sound Agricultural Company," established about four years ago. The members are agents and servants of the Hudson's Bay Company, and that honourable body has no other interest in the association, than that which arises from the prosperity of its subordinates, and from the strengthening of the British force. The capital is 100,000*l.*, in shares (as it appears) of 100*l.* each. Some of the superior officers have taken twenty, some ten shares each, while the inferior clerks have subscribed from five shares to one. This is likely to prove a very prosperous speculation. In 1842, it had 5,000 head of horned cattle and horses, with 8,000 sheep, and to improve the breed of both, excellent bulls and rams have been brought from Europe. It is said to be ably conducted by free colonists only. Certainly no design could be more laudable; for if we should be compelled to relinquish the right bank of the Columbia, we should have no other region capable of supporting a population than that surrounding Puget's Sound. It is very fertile—almost the only fertile spot north of the river. Another great advantage is, that the bay itself is the only one that affords, at all times, a safe anchorage for ships between it and San Francisco, in the northern part of Upper California. From October to March or April, the mouth of the Columbia is decidedly unsafe—hardly to be entered; and at the most favourable season of the year the bar and breakers present a formidable obstacle to all but the most experienced seamen; and even they do not like the task. For this reason, Puget's Sound becomes doubly valuable to the English, and we may safely predict that they will retain it, notwithstanding the ardour with which it is coveted by the Americans, who by proposing so frequently the forty-ninth parallel, have endeavoured to exclude us from it—the southern extremity of the bay not exceeding the forty-eighth. Neither shall we surrender Fort Vancouver (lat. 45° 45'

58") the Hudson's Bay Company.

This is the only one of the right bank of the river, on a general view of the river, the contains the residences, but the timber-ya on the west. And it is (about 70) Canadian. The British well-work according.

The cover is a produce of and it is the carrier through the Fort Vancouver neither more house below clerks are Indians, in of the bell, repair to the until nine required for and at evening the room called every one tures, his tells you, the moccasins: would never lest he should glees are i lander. T rooms in n us of the consists of wooden en two woolle knowledge to the man in the oper rivers in the frost.

In conce pathies of to the me as well as subjects curious pa Not the l manners, inhabiting vices in must be o the north Mexican valuable c

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53*) the most important establishment of the Hudson's Bay Company, and the residence of the governor.

This establishment was founded in 1824. It is on the right or northern bank of the Columbia, about thirty leagues from the sea. It is situated on a gently rising elevation, and, including the dependencies, it stretches about two miles along the river. The fort itself is within an enclosure; and contains thirty distinct buildings, serving not only as residences for the governor and his subordinates, but as warehouses, magazines, workshops, timber-yards, and a Catholic chapel performing on the week days the double debt of a school. And it should be so; for of the whole population (about 700) three-fourths consist of French Canadians, with their Indian wives and children. The British are said to be twenty-five only; and well-worked they are—at least in summer—according to the following paragraph:—

The commercial movement within Fort Vancouver is considerable: it is the point to which the produce of the other forts in Oregon is generally sent; and it is the one also from which depart the waggons and carriers intended to distribute the merchandise through the stations in the interior. Hence it is that Fort Vancouver, which externally resembles a large farm surrounded by dependent buildings, is internally neither more nor less than a warehouse and counting-house belonging to the city of London. Some fifteen clerks are constantly employed in bartering with the Indians, in the sale-rooms, or in writing. At the sound of the bell, which is seven o'clock in the morning, they repair to their several posts, and there they continue until nine in the evening—excepting the short time required for their meals, which are always in common, and at which a superior agent presides. In the evening the young clerks assemble to smoke, in a room called "Bachelor's Hall." On these occasions every one is eager to relate his travels, his adventures, his contests with the Indians. One of them tells you, that he has been compelled to eat his own mocassins: another is so good a marksman, that he would never shoot a bear anywhere but in the mouth, lest he should injure the costly skin. Then Scottish glees are mingled with Canadian songs; and the gaiety of France is infused into the robust Highlander. The dwellings of these people resemble the rooms in military barracks, where nothing reminds us of the English word "comfort." The furniture consists of a small table, of a chair or bench, of a wooden camp bedstead, usually worm-eaten, with two woollen coverlets. It must, however, be acknowledged that such accommodations are splendid to the man who has passed a couple of years sleeping in the open air, and entire weeks on the survey of rivers in the open canoes, amidst continued rains or frost.

In conclusion, we can truly say that the antipathies of M. de Mofras have not blinded us to the merits of his book. It is a most useful as well as most serviceable one. Besides the subjects we have noticed, it contains many curious particulars for which we have no room. Not the least interesting of these concern the manners, customs, and opinions of the Indians inhabiting California, Sonora, and other provinces in the north of Mexico. The work, too, must be of peculiar service to all who trade to the north-west coast, as well as to the decrepit Mexican republic. It is, in many respects, a valuable contribution to geographical science.

Poems. By H. W. Longfellow. With Illustrations by D. Huntington. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

It is becoming quite a common occurrence for a poet to receive or take his apotheosis in a splendidly illustrated edition of his collected pieces; and there is such an occurrence governed always by a previous popularity. In more than one instance, the plan has been adopted as the last desperate throw—the final effort to attract attention. The beauty of the engravings, if not the merit of the literature, may perchance be-

come a motive to purchase; and the writer, originally ambitious of a place on the library shelf, is at last fain to content himself with one on the drawing-room table. Professor Longfellow, whose works now approach us in a highly decorated form, is not one of the class described. He has fairly won his way to distinction; and though not a powerful, is a pleasing poet. Held by his countrymen in especial honour—his mind, however, is more European than American, and has evidently nurtured itself in the study of continental literature. A large portion of his works, indeed, consist of translations from the Swedish, Danish, German, Spanish, French, and Italian. Always graceful and elegant, he is seldom original; a pale, though not colourless, reflection of an absent sun, he shines on the popular mind of his own country with a sort of lunar beauty, but surrounded with planetary influences which not a little conduce to the witchery of his own. We find it impossible to contemplate him as one of those souls which are like stars "that dwell apart." He loses nearly all his effect, when divested of companionship—his strength is in association—and the harmonies he utters are 'The Voices of the Night.' With one exception, his poems are lyrical. 'The Spanish Student' is a dramatic poem of exquisite sweetness, but little strength—romantic in its subject, and developed with so much feeling and fancy, that we regret the more the deficiency of general power. Mr. Longfellow is not an improving writer. This new edition presents us with some new poems, thrown off with that careless ease which indicates a willingness to repose under the shadow of the laurels he has already won. Still the same delicate spirit of beauty animates the song, however indolent the singer; his most reckless tones bespeak the same polished versifier, with whom metrical refinement has become a habit of composition. In evidence, we quote the following, more especially as its imagery happens to be in accordance with that of our own remarks:—

The Occultation of Orion.

I saw, as in a dream sublime
The balance in the hand of Time,
O'er East and West its beam impended;
And day, with all its hours of life,
Was slowly sinking out of sight,
While, opposite, the scale of night
Silently with the stars ascended.

Like the astrologers of old,
In that bright vision I beheld
Greater and deeper mysteries,
I saw with its celestial keys,
Its chords of air, its frets of fire,
The Samian's great Æolian lyre,
Rising through all its sevenfold bars,
From earth unto the fixed stars,
And through the dewy atmosphere,
Not only could I see, but hear,

Its wondrous and harmonious strings,
In sweet vibration, sphere by sphere,
From Dian's circle light and near,
Onward to vaster and wider rings,
Where, chanting through his beard of snows,
Majestic, mournful, Saturn goes,
And down the sunless realms of space
Reverberates the thunder of his bass.

Beneath the sky's triumphal arch
This music sounded like a march,
And with its chorus seemed to be
Preluding some great tragedy.
Sirius was rising in the east;
And, slow ascending one by one,
The kindling constellations shone.
Begirt with many a blazing star,
Stood the great giant Algebar,
Orion, hunter of the beast!
His sword hung gleaming by his side,
And, on his arm, the lion's hide
Scattered across the midnight air
The golden radiance of his hair.

The moon was pallid but not faint,
Yet beautiful as some fair saint,
Serenely moving on her way
In hours of trial and dismay,
As if she heard the voice of God,
Unharm'd with naked feet she trod
Upon the hot and burning stars,
As on the glowing coals and bars
That were to prove her strength, and try
Her holiness and her purity.

Thus moving on, with silent pace,
And triumph in her sweet, pale face,
She reached the station of Orion.
Agast he stood in strange alarm!
And suddenly from his outstretched arm
Down fell the red skin of the lion
Into the river at his feet.
His mighty club no longer beat
The forehead of the bull; but he
Reeled as of yore beside the sea,
When, blinded by Enopion,
He sought the blacksmith at his forge,
And, climbing up the mountain gorge,
Fixed his blank eyes upon the sun.
Then, through the silence overhead,
An angel with a trumpet said,
"For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o'er!"

And, like an instrument that flings
Its music on another's strings,
The trumpet of the angel cast
Upon the heavenly lyre its blast,
And on from sphere to sphere the words
Reechoed down the burning chords,—
"For evermore, for evermore,
The reign of violence is o'er!"

One other specimen of the graceful ease of the writer may be acceptable:—

Carillon.

In the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,
As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
Changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

Then, with deep sonorous clangor
Calmly answering their sweet anger,
When the wrangling bells had ended,
Slowly struck the clock eleven,
And, from out the silent heaven,
Silence on the town descended.
Silence, silence everywhere,
On the earth and in the air,
Save that footsteps here and there
Of some burgher home returning,
By the street lamps faintly burning,
For a moment woke the echoes
Of the ancient town of Bruges.

But amid my broken slumbers
Still I heard those magic numbers,
As they loud proclaimed the flight
And stolen marches of the night;
Till their chimes in sweet collision
Mingled with each wandering vision,
Mingled with the fortune-telling
Gipsy-bands of dreams and fancies,
Which amid the waste expanses
Of the silent land of trances
Have their solitary dwelling.
All also seemed asleep in Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city.

And I thought how like these chimes
Are the poet's airy rhymes,
All his rhymes and roundelays,
His conceits, and songs, and ditties,
From the belfry of his brain,
Scattered downward though in vain,
On the roofs and stones of cities!
For by night the drowsy ear
Under its curtains cannot hear,
And by day men go their ways,
Hearing the music as they pass,
But deeming it no more, alas!
Than the hollow sound of brass.

Yet perchance a sleepless wight,
Lodging at some humble inn
In the narrow lanes of life,
When the dusk and hush of night
Shut out the incessant din
Of daylight and its toil and strife,
May listen with a calm delight
To the poet's melodies,
Till he hears, or dreams he hears,
Intermingled with the song,
Thoughts that he has cherished long;
Hears amid the chime and singing
The bells of his own village, ringing,
And wakes, and finds his slumberous eyes
Wet with most delicious tears.

Thus dreamed I, as by night I lay
In Bruges, at the Fleur-de-Ble,
Listening with a wild delight
To the chimes that, through the night,
Rang their changes from the Belfry
Of that quaint old Flemish city.

What earnest of immortality such illustrated editions as the one before us may imply for their authors would be a curious speculation—but for many it would prove "too curious." Professor Longfellow himself is not only "the son," but a "pupil and favourite of his time;" we have, however, the authority of a far greater poet, and examples in abundance, to justify us

in considering this a very equivocal assurance of a permanent futurity.

The Lives of the Lord Chancellors and Keepers of the Great Seal of England. By John Lord Campbell.

[Second Notice.]

PASSING over William of Wickham, a bad chancellor but good architect, and other men that held the seals during the troubled time of Richard II., we come to Cardinal Beaufort. This celebrated man was four times chancellor in the reigns of three kings. Haughty and avaricious, a despoiler of the poor, so ambitious as to bear no rival in power, and a vindictive enemy, he deserves the execration which has fallen upon him: not that he is without defenders. During the stormy reigns of Henry VI. and his immediate successors, there were many other holders of the great seal, whom it is impossible very highly to praise. In the reign of Henry VII. we have some better ones, among whom we may rank Cardinal Morton and Archbishop Warham. The next in order of time, Cardinal Wolsey, belongs rather to English history than to private biography. As a judge he is praised by Lord Campbell, but he seems to have had few other good qualities. The looseness of his morals, his spirit of revenge, his all-absorbing ambition, and his boundless love of show, in which his pluralities enabled him freely to indulge, were not his only evil characteristics. But they are too well known to merit further notice. It is not, however, so generally known that this fall was owing less to his overbearing pride, than to the resentment of Anne Boleyn, whose marriage he had opposed:—

"The King dined that same day with Mrs. Anne Boleyn in her chamber, who kept there an estate more like a Queen than a simple maid. The alarmed courtiers now strove through her to break off all further intercourse between Henry and their victim. Prompted by them she said during dinner,—'Is it not a marvellous thing to consider what debt and danger the Cardinal hath brought you in with all your subjects?' 'How so, sweetheart?' quoth the King. She mentioned the illegal taxation, which the King attempted to justify. 'Nay, Sir,' quoth she, 'besides all that, what things hath he wrought within this realm to your great slander and dishonour? There is never a nobleman within this realm that if he had done but half as much but he were well worthy to lose his head.' 'Why I then perceive,' quoth the King, 'ye are not the Cardinal's friend.' 'Forsooth, Sir,' then quoth she, 'I have no cause, nor any other that loveth your Grace, no more hath your Grace if ye consider well his doings.' He had received the promise of another audience next day, but that same night a solemn engagement was extorted from the King by Anne that he never again would admit the Cardinal into his presence."

The nickname which Wolsey had given her, that of the "Night Crow," added to her dislike. Well for him that a broken heart anticipated the headman. We shall now see that this influence of Anne and her friends was equally fatal in regard to a greater and better man—Sir Thomas More. Lord Campbell makes a natural and instructive reflection on the happiness of Sir Thomas immediately after his marriage:—

"He now applied himself with unremitting assiduity to the business of his profession, being stimulated, and cheered, and comforted and rewarded by her smiles. When he was Lord High Chancellor he must have looked back with a sigh to this portion of his career."

His, indeed, was a happy and innocent home:—

"All its inhabitants, male or female, applied their leisure to liberal studies and profitable reading, although piety was their first care. No wrangling, no angry word was heard in it; no one was idle; every one did his duty with alacrity, and with a temperate cheerfulness. But the most charming picture of More

as a private man is carelessly sketched by himself in a hurried Latin letter to Peter Giles, his friend at Antwerp, lamenting the little time he could devote to literary composition. 'For while in pleading, in hearing, in deciding causes, or composing disputes as an arbitrator, in waiting on some men about business, and on others out of respect, the greatest part of the day is spent on other men's affairs, the remainder of it must be given to my family at home; so that I can reserve no part to myself, that is, to study. I must gossip with my wife and chat with my children, and find something to say to my servants; for all these things I reckon a part of my business, unless I were to become a stranger in my own house; for with whomsoever either nature or choice or chance has engaged a man in any relation of life, he must endeavour to make himself as acceptable to them as he possibly can. In such occupations as these, days, months, and years slip away. Indeed, all the time which I can gain to myself is that which I steal from my sleep and my meals, and because that is not much I have made but a slow progress.'"

But the "Night-Crow" and her family were all the time watching the opportunity to destroy him. His sympathies had always been with poor Catherine; he would not acknowledge the validity of Anne's marriage: hence she "by her importunate clamours did exasperate the king." Knowing that he could not take the oath preparing, he resigned, and retired into private life, in the vain hope of escaping danger. Lord Campbell observes:—

"It is said that the two happiest days of a man's life are the day when he accepts a high office and the day when he resigns it; and there can be no doubt that with Sir Thomas More the resignation day was by far the more delightful. He immediately recovered his hilarity and love of jest, and was 'himself again.'"

He was now a poor man; and there is something peculiarly characteristic in his consulting with his family about the mode of life which it behoved them to adopt:—

"After this he called together all his children and grandchildren who had dwelt with him, and asked their advice how he might now, in the decay of his ability, bear out the whole charges of them all, as he gladly would have continued to do. When they were all silent—'Then will I (said he) show unto you my mind: I have been brought up at Oxford, at an Inn of Chancery, at Lincoln's Inn, and in the King's Court, from the lowest degree to the highest; and yet have I, in yearly revenues at this present, little left me above a hundred pounds by the year: so that now, if we wish to live together, you must be content to be contributors together. But my counsel is, that we fall not to the lowest fare first: we will not, therefore, descend to Oxford fare, nor to the fare of New Inn, but we will begin with Lincoln's Inn diet, where many right worshipful men, of great account and good years, do live full well; which, if we find ourselves the first year not able to maintain, then will we in the next year come down to Oxford fare, where many great, learned, and ancient fathers and doctors are continually conversant; which, if our purses stretch not to maintain neither, then may we ather, with bag and wallet, go a begging together, hoping that for pity some good folks will give us their charity, and at every man's door to sing a *Salve Regina*, whereby we shall still keep company, and be merry together.'"

On his jests at the scaffold Lord Campbell observes:—

"What zealot shall venture to condemn these pleasantries after the noble reflections upon the subject by Addison, who was never suspected of being an infidel, a favourer of Romanism, or an enemy to the Protestant faith? 'The innocent mirth which had been so conspicuous in his life did not forsake him to the last. His death was of a piece with his life; there was nothing in it new, forced, or affected. He did not look upon the severing of his head from his body as a circumstance which ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind, and as he died in a fixed and settled hope of immortality, he thought any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper.'"

Even Henry had a momentary qualm of conscience:—

"When news of the execution was brought to Henry, who was at that time playing at tables with the Queen, turning his eyes upon her he said, 'Thou art the cause of this man's death'; and, rising up immediately from his play, shut himself up in his chamber."

"His character," observes Lord Campbell with honest impartiality, "both in public and private life, comes as near to perfection as our nature will permit." Still more honourable is the following testimony:—

"The English Reformation was a glorious event, for which we never can be sufficiently grateful to divine Providence: but I own I feel little respect for those by whose instrumentality it was first brought about;—men generally swayed by their own worldly interests, and willing to sanction the worst passions of the tyrant to whom they looked for advancement. With all my Protestant zeal, I must feel a higher reverence for Sir Thomas More than for Thomas Cromwell or Cranmer."

Of many chancellors who signalized themselves during the greater part of Henry's reign and that of his seven immediate successors, few deserve a word of commendation, either as judges or ministers. In the earlier part of that long period it may be said that Bishop Gardiner and Lord Ellesmere were good judges. Compared with the great majority of their predecessors and successors, they certainly do appear to advantage; yet they cannot escape the censure of mankind,—the former from his persecution of the Protestants, the latter from the part which he took in putting to death Mary of Scotland. The worst of the chancellors, it may be said, were not worse than the other ministers of the day: be that as it may, one half of them were desperately bad, whether lawyers or not, from Lord Audley to Lord Jeffreys! If Lane, and Whitelock, and Herbert, and Clarendon were respectable men, two at least were the supporters of despotic power; so was Sir Nicholas Bacon, so was Lord Nottingham, and so were two or three others who had some redeeming qualities.

Of Hatton, the dancing chancellor, Lord Campbell observes:—

"The tender heart of Elizabeth was at once touched by his athletic frame, manly beauty, and graceful air; and she openly expressed her admiration of his dancing. An offer was instantly made by her to admit him of the band of gentleman pensioners. He expressed great willingness to renounce all his prospects in the profession of the law, but informed her that he had incurred debts which were beginning to be troublesome to him. She advanced him money to pay them off—at the same time (*more suo*) taking a bond and statute merchant to repay her when he should be of ability. He little thought he should ever hear of these securities, which afterwards were supposed to be the cause of his death;—and before he had even reached the degree of apprentice or utter barrister, he joyfully transferred himself from his dull chambers in the Temple to a gay apartment assigned him in the palace, near the Queen's. He was henceforward the reigning favourite, and his official promotion was rapid. He was successively made a gentleman of the Queen's privy chamber, captain of the band of gentleman pensioners (her body guard), Vice-Chamberlain, and a member of the Privy Council. This delight of the Queen to honour him caused much envy and some scandal. Complaints were uttered, that under the existing government nothing could be obtained by any other than 'dancers and carpet knights'—such as the Earl of Lincoln and Master Hatton, who were admitted to the Queen's privy chamber."

When the report was first spread that he was to be raised to the chancellorship, most people regarded it as a joke, and would not believe in its possibility, until they saw him openly presiding in the court.

Of Lord Bacon, there is a long, instructive,

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and every way admirable sketch in these volumes. Of his judicial corruption, Lord Campbell entertains not the shadow of a doubt:—

"Thus was deservedly fixed the ineffaceable brand of public infamy upon the character of this most extraordinary man. Although there were none bold or weak enough to defend these transactions in the times when they could be best examined and appreciated, we are told by some of his amiable admirers in the nineteenth century, that he was made a sacrifice to the crimes of others, and that he was free from all legal and moral blame. While I can easily forgive such well-meant efforts produced by a sincere admiration of genius, I cannot but lament them, and the slightest attention to facts must show them to be futile. It is affirmed that there is an undisclosed mystery in the course which Bacon adopted of making no defence. But he pleaded guilty for this plain reason, that he had no defence to make. Whoever will submit to the trouble of comparing the charges and the evidence, will see that they are all fully substantiated. Instead of questioning the veracity of the witnesses, he circumstantially admits their statements, and the qualified denials to which he at first resorted, when accurately examined, will be found quite consistent with his final confession. He knew that he had no contradictory evidence to offer, and further investigation would only have made his delinquency more aggravated and more notorious. We must believe, then, that repeatedly and systematically he received money and articles of value from the parties in causes depending before him, which he was aware they presented to him with a view to influence his judgment in their favour. I presume it is not disputed that this, in point of law, amounts to judicial bribery, subjecting the judge to be prosecuted for a high misdemeanour; and the only question that can be made is, whether it implies moral turpitude? There can be no doubt that men are to be judged by the standard of their own age. It would be very unjust to blame persons who were engaged in the sixteenth century in burning witches or heretics, as if these acts of faith had occurred in the reign of Queen Victoria; and if it can be shown that judicial bribery was considered an innocent practice in Bacon's time, he is to be pitied and not condemned. But the House of Commons who prosecuted him, the House of Lords who tried him, and the public who ratified the sentence, with one voice pronounced the practice most culpable and disgraceful. He had no private enemies; he had not, like Strafford in the next age, strong party prejudices to encounter; he was a favourite at Court, and popular with the nation, who were pleased with the flowing courtesy of his manners, and proud of his literary glory. Yet there was a national cry for his punishment, and no solitary individual stood forward to vindicate his innocence, or to palliate the enormity of his guilt. Look back to the time when similar charges were unjustly brought against the virtuous Sir Thomas More. He demonstrated that they were all unfounded in fact, but he allowed that he might have been properly punished if they could have been established by evidence."

In less than two years he was released from his fine, from prison, and allowed to appear at Court; but, as he was no favourite with king or people, he now discovered that through life he had mistaken his vocation,—that his sole calling should have been letters and philosophy:—"The talents which God has given me I have mispent in things for which I was least fit. * * I have done with such vanities." But he did not renounce them until they had left him. He now turned to his studies and experiments with ardour, notwithstanding the infirmities of age. We all know that "the great apostle of experimental philosophy was destined to become its martyr." His last trial in "the conservation and induration of bodies"—whether "flesh might not keep as well in snow as in salt"—was fatal to him. He insisted on stuffing with his own hands the body of a fowl with snow, obtained under a hedge, in Highgate; but he was thrown into such a shiver that he could not be carried back to town, and he was taken to the house of Lord Arundel, in that village. As evil

luck would have it, he was put into the state-bed, which had not been occupied for a year; and from that bed he was speedily borne to his grave.

The lives of Herbert and Clarendon have no small interest; and it is pleasing to see that, however strongly the noble author may adhere to his own political opinions, he does not allow them to bias his judgment in his estimate of other men. The poverty of Charles II. and his servants during their exile is described in the third of these volumes. In 1653, Hyde thus writes to a friend:—

"I do not know that any man is yet dead for want of bread, which really I wonder at. I am sure the King himself owes for all he has eaten since April; and I am not acquainted with one servant of his who hath a pistol in his pocket. Five or six of us eat together one meal a day for a pistole a week; but all of us owe for God knows how many weeks to the poor woman that feeds us." This may seem the language of *badinage*; but to other correspondents he writes in a strain which proves that his own personal sufferings from poverty were most severe:—"At this time I have neither clothes nor fire to preserve me from the sharpness of the season." "I am so cold, that I am scarce able to hold my pen, and have not three sous in the world to buy a faggot." "I have not been master of a crown these many months, am cold for want of clothes and fire, and owe for all the meat I have eaten these three months, and to a poor woman, who is no longer able to trust; and my poor family at Antwerp (which breaks my heart) is in as sad a state as I am." * * "I owe so much money here to all sorts of people, that I would not wonder if I were cast into prison to-morrow; and if the King should remove, as I hope he will shortly have occasion to do, and not enable me to pay the debt I have contracted for his service, I must look for that portion, and starve there." His new honour of Foreign Secretary added greatly to his embarrassments, as the letters for his Government were all directed to him. "I cannot," he says, "avoid the constant expense of seven or eight livres the week for postage of letters, which I borrow scandalously out of my friends' letters, or else my letters must more scandalously remain still at the post-house; and I am sure that all those which concern my own private affairs would be received for ten sous a week; so that all the rest are for the King, from whom I have not received one penny since I came hither."

It appears that the Queen-mother, Henrietta, though at her native court, could not assist her son and his servants; for "she was obliged to keep her daughter, Henrietta, all day in bed, during a severe frost, because she had not money to buy fuel to light a fire to warm her."

The life of Shaftesbury is one of the most curious in the volumes, and by the generality of readers it will be deemed the most interesting. Shaftesbury Lord Chancellor! Aye; and the most extraordinary one, too, that ever sat in the Court. He would have a sweeping reform. What cared he for musty parchment rules, and for legal forms, fit only for children or dotards, or, what is worse, serving as a covert for knaves? He would come at once to the real kernel of the nut,—cheap and speedy justice:—

"There was no refusal to practise before him on account of his ignorance of law, as in the case of Lord Chancellor Hatton and Lord Keeper Williams. The bar took a more effectual mode of exposing and subduing him. Had he called in Judges and Masters in Chancery as assessors, he might have avoided any palpable absurdities; but despising all learning that he did not know, he thought he was fitter to decide than any of them, and he scorned their advice. To show his contempt for all who had gone before him, as well as his contemporaries, he would not be habited like his predecessors, 'for he sat upon the bench in an ash-coloured gown silver-laced, and full ribboned pantaloons displayed, without any black at all in his garb, unless it were his hat.' Roger North's account of the result of all his boasts may be relied upon:—"He slighted the bar, declared their reign at an end. He would make all his own

orders his own way, and in his discourse trampled on all the forms of the Court. And, to be as good as his word, at his first motion-day, although the counsel (as always out of respect to a new Judge) were easy and inclined of themselves to yield to what was fit to be ordered, and not to perplex him with contention upon forms; yet he would not accept of their civility, but cut and slashed after his own fancy; and nothing would down with him that any of them suggested, though all were agreed upon the matter. They soon found his humour, and let him have his caprice; and after, upon notice, moved him to discharge his orders; and thereupon having the advantage upon the opening to be heard at large, they showed him to his face that what he did was against common justice and sense. And this speculation of his own ignorance and presumption coming to be laid before him every motion-day, did so intricate and embarrass his understanding, that in a short time, like any haggard hawk that is not let sleep, he was entirely reclaimed. And from a trade of perpetually making and unmaking his own orders, he fell to be the tamest Judge, and, as to all forms and modes of proceeding, the most resigned to the disposition of the bar that ever sat on that bench." "He swaggered and vapoured what asses he would make of all the counsel at the bar, but like the month of March, as they say, 'In like a lion, and out like a lamb.'"

We have refrained from touching on the legal bearings of this work,—a subject not very attractive to the general reader; and we have dwelt as little as possible on its political character. For both these subjects, which are foreign to our purpose, we must refer to the work itself, which will be found abundantly to justify the praises we have bestowed upon it.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Sketches from Flemish Life: Translated from the Flemish of Hendrik Conscience; and Illustrated with One Hundred and Thirty Engravings on Wood, from Designs by Flemish Artists.—When we first opened this pretty volume we were—like Dot's honest John Peerybingle—very near a joke; for it appeared to us that the days of Belgian piracy must be numbered, now that our neighbours had found a "conscience" of their own. What manner of literary artist this writer is, let the translator's preface tell:—"A well written article in the 'Augsburg Gazette' of 1844 (Supplement No. 193, July 11th.) headed, 'The Flemish Literature and her Chief Authors,' gives the following account of Conscience:—"Of the younger ones, Hendrik Conscience, of Antwerp, is the most popular. He is about thirty years of age, of middle size, black hair, pale complexion, and melancholy eyes. Volunteering in the Belgian army, the poetical bent of his mind prevented him from rising higher than the rank of serjeant-major. Returned into private life, he, in 1837, joined the Belgian movement, and very soon attracted the public attention by his poetical sketches (Tafereelen), and the overpowering delivery of his extempore speeches. Disappointed apparently in his prospects, he suddenly disappeared from the stage of public activity, and devoted himself to horticultural pursuits, until by the instrumentality of Mr. Rogier, the late Governor of Antwerp, who had a great regard for Conscience's talents, he was named Secretary of the reconstructed Academy of Arts at Antwerp, with a yearly salary of 2000 francs. Conscience was the first in Belgium who wrote a novel. His first production was 'The Year of Wonders (1566),' which met with a very favourable reception. His fame went on increasing, until the publication of his 'Lion of Flanders,' in 3 vols., a work which crowned his exertions, although he did not derive that benefit from it which he was entitled to expect. From that period he has given up historical novels, and applied himself chiefly to the delineation of pictures of every-day life; amongst which the genuine Flemish Sketches of 'What a Mother can Endure,' 'The Progress of a Painter,' and 'Siska Van Roosemael,' may be called masterpieces, and were so admired that we may assert of them that they were not 'sold off,' but actually 'fought for.'" We are not prepared to agree with the panegyrist in calling the aforesaid sketches (here translated) "masterpieces." But there is something about them

which is individual and instructive. "The French," it seems, are denounced by this first of Belgian novelists, to be well nigh as poisonous to primitive morals as they were in the days of Miss Edgeworth's *Mademoiselle Panache*. 'Siska Van Roosemael' is ruined for life, and ruins her family, by being sent to a French boarding-school. The second tale—'The Progress of a Painter'—as simple a narration of an artist's infancy and youth as was ever told—gives the reader a glimpse into the world of Flemish Art. And here we are naturally led to say, that the illustrations to this volume do no discredit to a school of which, ere long, more will be heard and seen in England: the only disadvantage of which has been, that it lies nearer home than Munich, and has been, therefore, too generally passed over. It is strange, however, in a book, which piques itself on its anti-Gallican tendencies, to encounter vignettes with the true Gavarri and Johannot style of heads, attitudes, toilettes, &c., more especially when the Flemish designers have a way of their own, as the pictures of Eckhout, Block, and others, and the drawings of Madou, sufficiently testify. Our criticism, however, applies least to the illustrations to 'The Progress of a Painter.'

The Wonder-Seeker; or, the History of Charles Douglas, by M. Fraser Tytler.—The faculty of wonder is one which, save in few instances, exerts its fullest influence in the early years of life. There are no wonders but what we make, and to the mind appropriately constituted the world, not only as a whole, but in its ordinary details, were a miracle. One singular individual, we once knew, who made the same discoveries day by day, and always with fresh admiration, as if the objects had been positively new, and observed for the first time. This state of feeling is a happiness generally enjoyed by the child, and which the youth and man gradually and naturally outgrows. In the primitive stages of growth, however, it is a stimulus to the acquisition of knowledge, by starting and arresting attention, and so begetting habits of observation. In some such light as this, the author has regarded the power in 'The Wonder-Seeker.' The seeking after wonders implies a predisposition to believe them when found, and in this the little hero of the story before us is no backward pupil. "We need not," says his preceptor, "go far, my dear little boy, to look for wonders—they surround us on every side. Were we chained to a stone-pillar, in a gloomy dungeon, we should find them there; the very air we breathe is full of wonder. Yes, the whole of God's earth is full of wonder, and full of beauty." This brief extract shows the spirit of the book; which is gracefully embodied in a narrative calculated to amuse children and instruct men. Such books are always delightful, and leave us often in doubt whether they be more serviceable to the young or the more aged.

Passages from the Life of a Daughter at Home.—The utility of work—the blessing of finding or making it, and knowing it to be our appointed task—is the lesson here taught. The German and American minds have exhausted themselves on this subject; nevertheless, the English view here taken of it will probably not be uninteresting to the class of readers for whom this small volume is intended.

Elements of Physics, by C. F. Peschell, Principal of the Royal Military College at Dresden, translated from the German, with Notes, by E. West.—"Adapted for the use of schools," says the translator, but we are sure it is not. It is neither elementary enough nor progressive enough for such a purpose, or, indeed, for tuition at all.

The Horary, or Hourly Record.—This is an awful volume! It contains 365 pages, every page subdivided into hours; and we are expected to record therein how every hour has been passed, whether in "work, instruction, amusement"—or idly thrown away. The man who can do this honestly, and abstract the results at the close of the year,

Would drink up Etil, eat a crocodile, command a "forlorn hope" or dash his "desperate brains" out in any other mad freak. Of course, it would be very wise to do it—but is poor human nature fitted for such trials, and such disappointments?

Periodicals.—A new year is always rich in these blossoms. It is, however, an ungracious duty to

notice them; many are certain to be cut off by the early spring frosts, and no kind word could serve to protect them. Others, again, are strong enough not to require such small aid. Neither would be pleased to have their several pretensions honestly tested; so we must be content to give them the benefit of a simple announcement. The first on the pile before us is *The Union Magazine*.—The confidence of the editor is said to rest on the "gallant band" associated with him, whose "fame resounds through many a hall and cloister, from whose gloomy precincts, but fond associations, they have for a while withdrawn them to struggle, side by side, in the public arena for fame."

—*The Literary Aspirant* follows; but as there is neither Introduction nor Prospectus we know not on what it rests its special claims.—*The Plough*, as might be inferred from the title, is to be devoted to agriculture and rural affairs.—*Wanderings of a Pen and Pencil* lead us, in company with Alfred Crowquill and F. P. Palmer, to the more remarkable historical sites scattered about the midland districts. The number before us is devoted to Polesworth, the site of one of the oldest nunneries in England; thence, by Seckington, with its Roman or British camp, and Sutton-Cheney, to Bosworth Field.—*The Almanack of the Month* is a small venture by Mr. Gilbert A. T. Beckett, with illustrations by Doyle; in which we are promised "a review of everything and everybody."—An old acquaintance, who has changed his costume, now claims recognition; this is *The Penny Magazine*,—which is, in future, to be 16 pages 8vo., instead of 8 pages 4to., and "chiefly a Magazine for Reading."—so says the Prospectus.—Following this, comes *The People's Journal*; which proposes "to deal, in an earnest and business-like manner, with the claims of industry," and will throw its pages freely open to all who seek to aid in the solution of the problem "How shall we emancipate labour?"—*Sharpe's London Magazine* claims to be entertaining and instructive.—*The Connoisseur* is a monthly record of the Fine Arts, Music and the Drama.—And we may conclude, while on the subject of serial publications, with announcing a *Pictorial Penny Balladist* and a *Pictorial Penny Shakespeare*.

[ADVERTISEMENT].—TO ALL WHO HAVE FARMS AND GARDENS.—THE NEW VOLUME OF THE GARDENERS' CHRONICLE AND AGRICULTURAL GAZETTE commenced on SATURDAY, Jan. 3. Each volume is complete in itself. The Gardeners' Chronicle and Agricultural Gazette may be ordered of any newsdealer, price 6d., free by post.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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POEMS BY CHARLES LAMB.

Looking over some old albums, and other *omnium pariterum* repositories, I met with a brace of unpublished poems by Charles Lamb. They are of little worth, in a poetical sense, I believe; but as relics, I thought it possible you might make some use of them. At any rate, I place them at your disposal, to be dealt with as you think fit. I enclose, at the same time, a third, which has been published; but through so obscure a medium, that it would be as new to your readers as the rest—I will answer for that. It has not been included in any collective edition of his works.—Yours, &c.

On being asked to write in Miss Westwood's Album.

My feeble Muse, that fain her best would write, at command of Frances Westwood, But feels her wits not in their best mood, Fell lately on some idle fancies, As she's much given to romances, About this self-same style of Frances; Which seems to be a name in common Attributed to man or woman. She thence contrived this flattering moral, With which she hopes no soul will quarrel, That she, whom this twin title decks, Combines what's good in either sex; Unites—how very rare the case is!— Masculine sense to female graces; And, quitting not her proper rank, Is both in one—Fanny, and Frank.

CHARLES LAMB.

Oct. 12, 1827.

Lines addressed to Lieut. R. W. H. Hardy, R.N. on the perusal of his Volume of *Travels in the Interior of Mexico*.

'Tis pleasant, lolling in our elbow chair, Secure at home, to read descriptions rare Of venturesome traveller in savage climes; His hair-breadth 'scapes, toil, hunger—and sometimes The merrier passages that, like a foil To set off perils past, sweetened that toil, And took the edge from danger; and I look With such fear-mingled pleasure thro' thy book, Adventurous Hardy! Thou a diver* art, But of no common form; and for thy part Of the adventure, hard brought home to the nation Pearls of discovery—jewels of observation.

CHARLES LAMB.

Enfield, January, 1830.

* Captain Hardy practised this art with considerable success.

The First Leaf of Spring.

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST LEAF OF A LADY'S ALBUM.

Thou fragile, filmy, gossamer thing, First leaf of spring! At every lightest breath that quakes, And with a zephyr shakest; Scarce stout enough to hold thy slender form together, In calmest halcyon weather; Next sister to the web that spiders weave, Poor flutterers to deceive Into their treacherous silken bed: O! how art thou sustained, how nourished! All trivial as thou art, Without dispute, Thou play'st a mighty part; And art the herald to a throng Of buds, blooms, fruit, That shall thy cracking branches sway, While birds on every spray Shall pay the copious fruitage with a sylvan song.

So 'tis with thee, who'er on thee shall look,
First leaf of this beginning modest book.
Slender thou art, God knowest,
And little grace bestowest,
But in thy train shall follow after,
Wit, wisdom, seriousness, in hand with laughter;
Provoking jests, restraining soberness,
In their appropriate dress;
And I shall joy to be outdone
By those who brighter trophies won;
Without a grief,
That I thy slender promise have begun,
First leaf.

CHARLES LAMB.

1832.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

The Frescoes at Heltorf.

The great room in the chateau at Heltorf, which Düsseldorf artists have for several years been engaged in frescoing, is now completed. Under most circumstances, I am not sure that it would be commendable for travellers to go out of their way to see it; but it is a different matter when that going out of their way takes them out of Düsseldorf. To some, the moral phenomenon of a whole city of men, and especially of artists, who have lived without communion with the rest of the world, may seem very curious, and worthy of inspection; but, in reality, though one Caspar Hauser in a while is very interesting, a population of them will be found rather tiresome. For this reason, it may be as well for those who have committed themselves irrevocably to Düsseldorf for three days, as we did, to know that there is a very excellent excuse for an afternoon's drive, just nine miles off. The chateau belongs to Count Spee, a nobleman of old family and large fortune, and doubtless of most contented disposition also, for it is said that he spends his time quite happily between Düsseldorf and Heltorf. On our road to the chateau, we were advised to turn aside, and see the great Düsseldorf cemetery, which proved to be a flat, gloomy, sandy, leafless, herbless spot, where an infant daughter of Marshal Soult lies buried; but otherwise in no way remarkable, except as being exactly the kind of place one would suppose those who have lived all their lives in Düsseldorf would most desire to lie in when dead.

Leaving this, therefore, we continued our road along a level, unmeaning landscape, passing through several villages, till we were reminded of the vicinity of Heltorf, not by the usual symptoms of a wealthy nobleman's country seat, but by turning off into a cart road, through a ploughed field. This took us, in course of time, to the head of the great drive, which leads through an avenue a mile long,—the road itself being in a state to convince you most thoroughly how very long a mile really is. Nearing the chateau, we were instantly reminded of the close neighbourhood to Holland. There were large rambling brick buildings, with pigeon-houses, pear-trees, canals, and bridges, passing which, and under a massive archway, we drew up in a large open court-yard. Here all was Germany again,—a great ugly house, with heavy pediment and pilasters, all pretension and falling plaster, looking down on ill-laid flag-stones, overgrown with weeds, among which the cocks and hens were very busy. We entered a side door, and were shown by a civil man through bare sanded passages into that description of waiting-room which one finds in Bedlams and Orphan Institutions, and which turned out to be the family dining apartment. Having, meanwhile, drawn up the blinds in the great saloon, he ushered us in with some solemnity, and then left us to examine its contents at leisure,—a pretty German peasant girl, who must have been very useful to the artists, keeping guard over us, knitting in hand. This was a fine room, large, though not lofty, with some furniture in it,—the painted walls giving it a look of warmth and comfort. These frescoes represent the history and doings of Frederic Barbarossa, and are seven in number, with two single figures in detached compartments. It is easy, at first glance, to perceive that the chief of these are far superior to the usual Caspar Hauser average at Düsseldorf, and also that the two by Lessing are as much superior to the rest. Not that they are less full of faults than the others,—perhaps they have even more—but there is something in his style of error far more congenial to genius than all

their merits. We take them, not chronologically, but in their order round the room.

1st. Lessing's 'Taking of Iconium.' Several figures of Knights Templars, high in the picture, are forcing their way, with violent action, over the walls, and through a breach. One principal figure, already within, with flowing mantle over a coat of mail, is coming down impetuously upon the Saracens,—a shield in one hand, an instrument of some kind in the extreme distance in the other,—his feet wider apart than would be convenient for any one, except the clown in the circus. A Saracen, in German student's trowsers, is warding off the coming blow; while another, his back turned to the spectator, is lifting a huge stone, in act to hurl,—his legs also compassing an astonishing space of territory. Several more figures are lying dead, or struggling, in front, or in what may be supposed to be meant for front, for, from the nature of fresco, or the imperfect understanding of it, or the artist's own want of manual knowledge, light, shade, and aerial perspective are so entirely deficient, that one body possesses, to all appearance, three heads; and a Templar's foot seems to be growing out of a Saracen's side pocket.

2nd. 'The Battle of Iconium,' also by Lessing. This gives a fine *métier* of Templars and Saracens on horseback. In the centre towers an energetic figure, with red cross on breast, and flowing mantle, bestriding a high-pawing white charger, which, though rather in the rocking-horse position, makes a fine centre of light. One of the knight's arms bears an uplifted lance, the other is snatching a standard from a Saracen galloping past him,—so that with the shock, the rider is thrown back, and the horse on its haunches. At the same time, the overturned Saracen is lifting his shield to defend himself from a black knight, whose horse, also black, has thrown its front leg over the neck of the fallen animal, while both are biting at one another with bloodshot eyes. On the left is another struggle of men and horses. A Saracen has fallen, just struck, pulling his horse after him; two horsemen are in fierce conflict, a negro (whom these Düsseldorf men always substitute for a Moor), with an extraordinary drawing of one hip, is discharging an arrow, and beneath the feet of the centre white charger lies an anatomical preparation of brown muscle, which turns out to be a naked Saracen. The crush and the scuffle are admirably given,—all are eager and intent on what they are doing, without thinking of who is looking at them, while the air is filled with banners of the Crescent and the Cross, mixed with horses' tails and very much dust.

Of course, the same objection of want of aerial distance applies here. All is heavy, opaque, and equally prominent, so that the lance in the grasp of the falling figure seems to be sticking out of the chin of the negro. The horse that is down is inserting his paw curiously into the bosom of the white charger, and a Saracen in the extreme distance is riding amicably pillion with a Templar in the extreme front. But these, with much bad drawing, are incidentals of comparatively minor importance. The action and life throbbing through the whole are the essentials; and of this there are enough in these frescoes, by Lessing, to furnish out ten other artists who draw more correctly, or, in other words, more tamely, which the Germans suppose to be the same thing. Perhaps this fire and energy of Lessing's tells more in the form of fresco than it does in his easel pictures. One makes certain allowances for the inherent opaqueness of fresco, which would be out of place with oils; but the truth is, that the German artists, bad and good, in any line that we have seen, are one and all puzzlingly deficient in the commonest principles of aerial perspective. In other respects, Lessing seems to have all the mental parts of a real artist,—the repose, dignity and sentiment, as well as the life and sparkle. But Lessing cannot paint, and never will, so long as he continues in that grave of all real art, Düsseldorf, where he is now losing time, and contracting habits he will ever regret. They tell me his one really good picture is 'The Royal Pair in Affliction.' But this is buried in a deeper grave even than Düsseldorf, having been sent by the King of Prussia as a present to his sister, the Empress of Russia, who has hung it up in the ante-room to the dairy at Oranienbaum. For all real appreciation, however, it is probably quite as well

off there as in the best drawing-room in the Winter Palace.

3rd. 'The Death of Barbarossa,' by Plüddeman. The emperor is laid out on the bank of the river, in a gold-brocaded robe, which appears in no way to have suffered by his watery death. Three knights support him, and another kneels before him, and by a very uncomfortable stretch of his person, manages to touch the imperial hand. Above stands a bishop with a crozier, while a kind of North-American Indian is pushing a boat through some massive horizontal bars, which represent the ripples of the water. Palm trees and rocky scenery are behind, with a skirmish. Altogether, it looks like a large design for a monument, very ill-coloured.

4th. 'The Coronation of the Emperor,' by Mücke. The Pope is lifting the crown on to Barbarossa's head, who kneels before him, and is much too tall for the pontiff even in that position. Cardinals and priests are on one side, knights and squires on the other,—some of them flinging up their arms, and altogether in a state of excitement, which must somewhat have disturbed the ceremony. A huge banner above has also caught the infection, and is fluttering with all its might. In front is a mixed group; a kneeling woman, conspicuous, with a child, whom she is evidently bringing up in the way it should go,—one foot being planted at right angles from the little body, and the other lost in infinite space.

5th. 'The Submission of the Milanese,' by Barbarossa is seated on a throne of state; a manly-bearded figure is interceding for the captives, who are passing before him in front,—old men and young warriors, and women in rich dresses mingled together, some hiding their heads, others wringing their hands; shame, pride, and supplication most lively expressed. The background is occupied by military and ecclesiastics. This is also by Mücke, and the more creditable of the two. It is hard, stiff, and over-finished in detail; but it has some life and expression, and the defects bear the stamp more of the timidity of a young artist than of the feebleness of an inferior one. The two single figures, St. Bernard and Otto von Freising, are by this artist as well. They occupy the only, but the worst places for them, viz. the compartments between the windows. St. Bernard is in his brown pilgrim's robe, with the red cross in one hand, the other hand raised. The old chronicler is holding the volume in which Barbarossa's deeds are recorded. Both are correctly drawn, stand well, and are more satisfactory than the other frescoes in proportion as there were fewer difficulties to contend with. Otherwise, I fear I must retract much even of that little approbation which these frescoes inspired me with at first sight. After all, it is chiefly because you expect less of some of the excellences of Art in fresco, that you fancy you find more of others. Fresco-painting may be the test of the highest artists, but it is also unquestionably the favourite of the lowest. For these Düsseldorf men it is especially convenient. The beauties they never had, such as true colouring and real distance, it cannot admit; at least, not in any hands short of a Titian; while the faults they most excel in, such as minute details and tea-tray finish, they cannot introduce.

As for the remaining two of the seven principal frescoes—'The Reconciliation of the Emperor and the Pope before the Cathedral of Milan,' by Stürmer of Berlin, a scholar of Cornelius's; and 'The Submission of Henry the Lion to the Diet at Erfurt,' by another pupil of the same, whose name I forget—they are the *se plus ultra* of modern German presumption, drawn as badly as if they were coloured well, and *vice versa*; not worth even pulling to pieces, except practically off the walls, on which Count Spee would find a good paper, with a Tyrolean landscape and figures in front, such as one sees in Swiss hotels and pastry-cooks' back rooms,—a cheap and advantageous substitute. Vulgarities in frescoes are not to be tolerated. As long as a man draws tolerably correctly, avoids violent action, and sticks to conventional usages, he may pass for a fresco-painter, just as a black coat and a silent tongue may pass for a gentleman; but when an ignorant fool wishes to be at his ease, fresco-painting and good company are the last arenas he should choose.

By this time the stocking had considerably progressed, and having assured the pretty girl that we

had seen quite enough of the frescoes, though not of her, she took our *groschen* and dropped the blinds.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

WE are authorized to state that Her Majesty has been pleased to sanction the publication of the Stuart Papers, from the original documents in Her Majesty's possession. The correspondence of Bishop Atterbury is now in the press; and will be followed by the Letters and Papers of Lord Bolingbroke, the Earl of Mar, the Duke of Wharton, and others.

Among the Irish Gossip, we find it stated that the Commissioners of Education for that country are taking an important step in the matter of their functions. They are about to erect a Model School in every county, for the training of teachers—the right end to begin at, of any educational scheme—in the simple wisdom that would not commit the blind to the leading of the blind.

Dublin University is making great efforts to enlarge and classify its Museum, and to promote the study of Natural History. By order of the Board, the Museum is in future to open, twice a week, to the Masters, Scholars, Students and their friends—to the residents in Dublin, on the order of the Fellows and Professors—and to strangers on presenting their cards. Lectures also, open to the public, are announced, on Comparative Anatomy, Botany, Mineralogy and Geology.

The Irish Archæological Society, too, is, at length, making progress—slow indeed, but we hope sure—no less than fifty-three members having joined since the last General Meeting. Still the fact is strange, and startling to an Englishman, that such a Society should have been in existence since 1841, and yet the number of five hundred members (as fixed by the Rules,) has not yet been attained. We sincerely hope we shall never again have to record a fact so discreditable. There are half-a-dozen such Societies in London, although some of them appeal to mere literary taste for their support—there are flourishing Societies supported by single counties in England—there are no less than three or four like Societies in Scotland; and Scottish noblemen and gentlemen have not only lent MSS. to those societies, but contributed liberally to the expense of editing and printing them:—and yet, in Ireland, where, as is believed, historical documents are no less abundant, and even more curious and interesting, not five hundred men have been found, from peer to peasant, in five years, willing to contribute twenty shillings a-year for their preservation and publication.

It is stated that the series of restorations commenced at the College of Eton in 1842, are about to be immediately resumed, and proceeded with to completion,—more than half the estimated sum required for the purpose having been at once subscribed by members of the college and old Etonians, to prevent further delay. The proposed alterations include an enlargement of the choir to its original size, the erection of Gothic stalls and a new screen, and the reparation or removal of the present roof.

A further, and as we suppose final, act, in the drama of the *Molière* autograph, included in a list of manuscripts announced for sale in Paris last year, and reclaimed by M. Naudet, conservator of the Royal Library, as having at some distant time belonged to that establishment [see Nos. 866 and 876], has recently been performed before the *Cour Royale*. M. Naudet, on appeal, has obtained a reversal of the decision in the court below, which confirmed the possession, innocently acquired, of the present holders; and the Court has ordered the restoration of the document to the Institution whose original carelessness is the foundation of the whole plot,—and the cause of any pecuniary waste incurred by the party now despoiled in his bootless purchase. We shall only say, that neither poetical nor ethical justice seems to us to be done in the matter. *Nullum tempus occurrit reipublica*, though having an air of plausible policy about it as a maxim, is, nevertheless, a rule of *force majeure*, bearing hard upon individuals, if there be no mark by which they may know a public property when it comes into an open market. We remember, it was stated, at the time, in the Chambers, that there had been great carelessness in the keeping of such literary treasures; and that very many had been lost by an excess of facility—a word which

some members openly translated into a worse. Certainly, there should be so far a defeasance of the public title, in cases where its own servants are to blame, as that the fine on restoring that title to its integrity should be borne by itself, not by any third party whom its carelessness has misled. We hear, however, of no indemnity to the present possessors—who are at once, apparently, the party free from all blame and the party plundered. As we have said before, the public Institution should have back its manuscript, on paying its price. If the Royal Library were well kept, the appearance of such a document in the market any purchaser would have the right to consider as *prima facie* evidence that it did not belong to the Royal Library. If this power of redemption is to be recognized as residing anywhere, and over-riding all the accidents of any given succession, men will fear, for the future, to buy old books or manuscripts, without a regular pedigree, certificated in all its steps.—The case in question, though it cannot furnish Trinity College with a precedent, may supply it, perhaps, with an argument—if it be true that it is seeking to recover its abstracted treasures from the British Museum by course of law.

In Paris, M. St. Marc Girardin has been chosen Director, and M. Ancelet Chancellor of the *Académie Française*;—and M. Naudet president, and M. Reinaud vice-president, of the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres.—We may add, in this place, that M. Delaroché, the eminent French painter, M. Bellini, the engraver, and M. Lemoine, have been elected honorary members of the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts in St. Petersburg.

We see, too, by the French papers, that doubts are thrown on the tidings which announced the discovery of the wreck of the *Lilloise*, as we, last week, mentioned to our readers.—We read, also, that a work of monumental commemoration, whose long postponement, amid the rage for that species of illustration in France, it seems difficult to account for, has been at length determined on. A national subscription is set on foot for an equestrian statue of Joan of Arc, in the city from whence she took her warrior-name—Orleans; the municipal council of which town has headed it with a contribution of 20,000 francs.

The Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt, on his sixty-eighth birthday, has conferred the title of Baron on the illustrious chemist, Liebig.

The Rhenish papers mention a discovery, of very curious interest, that has been made in recently demolishing the ancient Church of Urbach,—which dates from the earliest period of the Middle Age, and was tottering to its fall. Enclosed in the wall of the choir, which is four feet thick, has been found a marble coffin, nine feet four inches in length, and adorned with figures in relief finely executed. The opening of this coffin was a difficult operation,—the joints having been covered with a cement which has acquired the hardness of the marble itself. It had, accordingly, to be broken into from the foot; and revealed an object which took the spectators by surprise—a body, clothed in the sacerdotal habit, fresh as that of a man who died but yesterday. The colour of the epidermis, firmness of the flesh, the hair, the nails,—all were in the most perfect preservation. The flesh yields beneath the finger like soft wax; the limbs have kept their suppleness and flexibility; the teeth are entire, regular, and white as ivory; and the very eyes, but half closed by the eyelids, have preserved a portion of their brightness. The dead man wears a cassock of pale blue silk, inwoven with threads of pure gold; and a linen gown, extremely fine, and trimmed with lace. These garments, worn so many hundred years, seem quite new. Round the hands, clasped on the breast, is twined a rosary of white pearls, strung on thread of gold—to which is attached a small box, in form of a medallion, made of a metal whose composition is unknown. This medallion contains, on one of its faces, the following inscription, in characters which suggest the date of the eleventh century:—*Otto Imperator Paracho Irbiechiano sculptori excellentissimo*;—"The Emperor Otto to the Curate of Urbach, a most excellent sculptor." On the reverse is the figure of the Good Shepherd. Being opened, the box was found to inclose a folded parchment, containing writing in letters of gold and ultramarine. The ancient text is difficult to decipher; but records that the priest in question, one of the greatest artists

of his age, is the author of the wondrous sculptures, representing Scripture-subjects, on the principal front of the high altar; and that the sculptured pulpit, which was the great ornament of the church, is from his chisel. The artist-curate must have been, also, in matters unspiritual, one of the greatest men of his day. The body measures, from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot, seven feet eleven inches, Rhenish measure. The feet, nearly covered by the cassock, rest on a folio volume in parchment,—whose first leaf displays the title:—*Chronicon Seculi XI.*

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK.—REDUCED PRICE of ADMITTANCE.—Now OPEN, with a new and highly interesting exhibition, representing the CASTLE and TOWN of HEIDELBERG (formerly the residence of the Electors Palatine of the Rhine) under the various aspects of Winter and Summer, Mid-day and Evening; and the exterior view of the CATHEDRAL of NOTRE DAME at Paris, as seen at Sunset and by Moonlight, and which has been so universally admired. Both pictures are painted by Le Chevalier Renoux. Open from 10 till 4. Admittance to view both Pictures—Royal, 1s.; Stalls, 2s. as heretofore.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—The LECTURES selected for this period of the year, by Dr. Ryan and Professor Buchholfer, in CHEMISTRY and NATURAL PHILOSOPHY, will be illustrated by interesting and brilliant experiments. A LECTURE on the PREVALENT DISEASE in POTATOES will be delivered by Dr. RYAN, daily, and also on the ATMOSPHERIC RAILWAY, by Professor BACHHOFFNER, a working Model of which, carrying several persons, is exhibited daily. The additions to the OPAGUE MICROSCOPE, DISSOLVING VIEWS, and CHROMATOPHORE are very effective. The PHYSIOSCOPE. Submarine Experiments by means of the DIVER and DIVING BELL. Among the various additions to the Working Models is COLEMAN'S NEW AMERICAN LOCOMOTIVE ENGINE, for ascending and descending inclined Planes. A Magnificent COLLECTION of TROPICAL FRUITS, Mr. DOWNE, the celebrated Flute-player, will take part in the Music, conducted by Dr. Wallis. Open from Eleven to Half-past Five, and from Seven to Half-past Ten in the Evening.—Admittance, 1s.; Schools, Half-price.

SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Jan. 7.—The President, Mr. L. Horner, in the chair.—A paper was read by Dr. Mantell, 'On the Fossil Remains of Birds in the Wealden Strata of the South-East of England,' the object of which was to urge the necessity of caution in the determination of fossils. The author considers it still doubtful whether remains of birds are not found in the Wealden. A communication was then read by Professor Sedgwick, 'On the Classification of the Slate Rocks of Cumberland, Westmoreland, and Lancashire; being a Supplement to a Paper read to the Society in March last.' This paper was chiefly an account of an extensive series of sections, prepared in great detail, and extending across the districts in question in various directions. The lowest rocks of the whole fossiliferous group appear to be lower Silurian, but are very slightly developed. The upper Silurians, on the other hand, are very abundant, and are continuous; but are not subdivided as in the typical Silurian district, although the fossils are for the most part the same, and both series end with the tilestone. It is rather with the development of the Silurian series in North and South Wales, than in Shropshire, that there exists a strong resemblance, and this resemblance seems sufficient to admit of a comparison of different parts. The author of the paper explained the boundary of the lower Silurian rocks on the eastern side of the disturbed district of the lake country, and, in most respects, adhered to the details given in the paper of which the present is a supplement.

STATISTICAL SOCIETY.—Dec. 22.—Lord Montagu, President, in the chair.—The Rev. Whitworth Russell, Inspector of Prisons, brought to a conclusion the subject introduced at the first meeting in November, 'The Statistics of Crime in England and Wales from 1839 to 1843.'—The philosophy of crime—that science which investigates the causes, traces the extent, and inquires into the proper remedy of crime—states Mr. Whitworth Russell, may be said to be almost in its infancy. But already has it attracted a widely-extended attention by the beneficence of its aim, by the rapidity of its advance, and by the acknowledged success which has attended its exertions. By the term Crime is meant a violation of the law of the land, and not a violation of the Divine law; such transgressions, as Mr. Locke, in his 'Human Understanding,' observes, are sins, in the same way that a violation of the philosophical law, or the law of opinion, would be a vice. Hence it is plain that in attempting to exhibit the amount of crime in any country, its moral character and condi-

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tion is not estimated, because the sins and vices of the people are not taken into account. This is mentioned by Mr. Russell to guard against a misconception of the design of his paper—which is to approximate as closely as possible to an estimate of the amount of ascertained crime in England and Wales during each of the five years which the inquiry embraces. Mr. Russell demonstrated by tables the amount of committals for crime at a given time; the variations in the numbers in the same place at different times, or in different places at the same time; the prisoners classified according to age—according to sex—according to the nature of the charge or sentence—according to the number of re-committals; the numbers committed, convicted, or acquitted, together with the grounds of acquittal in special cases; the proportion which the total number of criminals bears to the several classes of criminals and to the population; and, finally, the amount and degree of education, or the total absence of education, intellectual, moral or religious. The tables laid before the meeting were eleven in number, and particularized as follows:—

1. Prisoners tried at assizes and sessions during each year of the series.
2. Prisoners under summary convictions during each year of the series—a very numerous class, exceeding 70,000 per annum, of whom no information is to be obtained, except in the criminal tables, published by the Home Inspectors of Prisons.
3. The result of the proceedings respecting the prisoners tried at assizes and sessions, i.e. the prisoners convicted, acquitted, &c.
4. The prisoners re-committed.
5. Terms of imprisonment before trial.
6. Terms of imprisonment after trial.
7. Terms of imprisonment under summary convictions.
8. Prisoners sentenced to transportation, and terms of transportation.
9. Game Law convictions.
10. Vagrant Act convictions.
11. State of instruction of prisoners.
- 12 and 13. Comparative view of the increase, or decrease, of crime in certain counties where there is a constabulary force, and where there is none.
14. Comparative view of the statistics of crime in France and Belgium, with those of England and Wales.
15. View of the increase and decrease of the two classes of crime, assizes and sessions, and summary convictions, in the several years between 1839-43.
16. Tables showing the increase or decrease per cent. compared with the population among military prisoners, reputed thieves, and a miscellaneous class; in assaults, in the want of sureties, and under the following laws:—Malicious Trespass Act, Larceny Act, Police Act, Revenue Laws, Bastardy Laws. To insure general accuracy, Mr. Russell has constructed a table of population, calculated on the basis of the census of 1841, taken according to the ascertained rate of the annual increase of the female lives during the period 1831-41. The value of such a table is at once apparent. The results arrived at by Mr. Russell are, in his opinion, far from satisfactory. He finds that a considerable increase has taken place, both of those for trial and tried at assizes and sessions, and of those committed under summary convictions:—

The increase of Assize and Session Prisoners is 13.5 per cent.
That of Summary Convictions 20.8 "

Total Increase 34.3 "

He also finds that the year 1842 exhibits the greatest amount of increase, namely:—

In Assize and Session Prisoners 13.5 percent.
In Summary Convictions 9.9 "

Total Increase in that one year 23.4 "

whereas in the following year there is a decrease of 5.7 per cent. in assize and sessions, and only an increase of 2.4 per cent. in summary convictions—which shows a total decrease of 3.3 per cent. on the year. The great increase of 1842 is attributed by Mr. Russell to the general distress which then prevailed; and that the decrease in crime in 1843 was, to a great degree, caused by returning prosperity. In 1842, assaults increased—males, 17.3 per cent; females, 6.4 per cent. In 1843 assaults increased in males, 1.1; and in females, decreased 3.4. Want of sureties in 1842 increased—males, 11.9; females, 5.2. In 1843 increased—males, 6.9; females, 26.5. Malicious Trespass Act, in 1842, increased—in males, 24.1; females, 29.1. In 1843, increased—males, 6.3; females, 6.2. The main increase in 1842, with a corresponding decrease in 1843, was in thefts, resulting probably from distress. In 1842 increased—males, 24.1; females, 29.1. In 1843, decreased—males, 73.3; females, 5.5 per cent. No estimate could be formed by Mr. Russell of the proportion which the acquitted bear to the convicted under summary jurisdiction. No return of any kind is made by magistrates, either of the number or nature of the cases dismissed by them, either when administering justice at their own houses, or when acting in petty sessions. This, under many points of view, and for many reasons which might be assigned, is an important and extraordinary omission, and is deserving of serious attention. The vast disproportion in different counties, both in the amount of crime and in the amount of convictions and acquittals, demands careful consideration, and manifests serious defects in the existing systems. The long terms of imprisonment before trial is an evil, and should be diminished in every possible manner, whilst the extremely short terms of imprisonment under summary convictions (89.2 per cent. being under three months) are anything but calculated to repress crime and to deter the first offender from pursuing the fatal career upon which he has unhappily entered. Game Law convictions go on increasing in a most serious manner, and in a degree beyond all other classes of crime; and are neither checked by prosperity nor distress. But perhaps the least satisfactory feature in the whole of the inquiry is, the lamentable state of ignorance which prevails throughout all classes of offenders. We may briefly state, that Mr. Russell found, after a most careful and laborious investigation, among the prisoners there were on the annual mean of the five years:—

Assizes and Sessions.		Summary Convictions.	
Those who could neither read nor write	9,530, or 34.9 per cent.	26,924, or 36.1 per cent.	
Those who could read only	6,329, or 22.5 "	13,932, or 20.6 "	
Those who could read or write badly	9,598, or 33.3 "	22,276, or 33.2 "	
		907	91.9
Those who could read and write well	2,627, or 9 per cent.	2,657, or 4 per cent.	

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.—Dec.—Capt. W. H. Smyth, R.N., President, in the chair. The following communications were read:—"On a Direct Method of determining the Distance of a Comet by Three Observations," by J. J. Waterston, Esq.

"On the Longitude of the Observatory at Hartwell House, Buckinghamshire, from Observations of Moon-Culminating Stars," by John Glaisher, Esq.

"Collection of Results from East Indian Observations of the Great Comet of 1844-5 (Wilmot's)," by W. Pole, Esq.

"Sextant Observations of the Great Comet of 1844-5, made at Colombo," near Ceylon, by W. H. Simms, Esq.

"A communication from Prof. Schumacher, containing an observation of Biela's Comet, made at Berlin," by Prof. Encke.

"An extract of a letter from Prof. Challis to the

President, containing two observed places of Biela's Comet.

Green. M.T.		R.A. of Comet.		N.P.D. of Comet.	
h	m	h	m	h	m
Dec. 1	6 58 0	22 30	7-00	86° 46'	35.1"
3	8 9 42	22 32	21-22	87	4 17

By comparison of the above places with Mr. Hind's Ephemeris, the error of the Ephemeris appears to be 21" in defect in R.A. and 67" in excess in N.P.D. The comet was readily found with the Northumberland telescope, though it is an extremely faint object, and only just within the power of so large an instrument; it is apparently round, without any marked condensation of light, and its apparent diameter is about 1'4".

"On the Comet of 1585, discovered by Rothmann," by J. R. Hind, Esq.

"On the Orbits of several Binary Stars," by J. R. Hind, Esq.

"Extract of a Letter from Sir John Herschel to the President, dated Collingwood, November 29, 1845."—"Being on the subject of the satellites of Saturn, I will mention here a singularity which, though obvious enough, has not (so far as I am aware) been noticed before, viz. that the periodic time of the first satellite (first in order of the ring) is precisely half that of the third, and the periodic time of the second precisely half that of the fourth. This is far too remarkable and close a coincidence to be merely casual, and (the second satellite being a certainty) the extension of the law to the first (a law so out of the way and unlikely) would of itself be evidence of its real existence, even had it not been (as it now certainly has been) re-observed. If such atoms perturb one another's motions, there must be some very odd secular equations arising from this singularity. It is not worth while to make a formal communication of such a thing to the Astronomical Society; but if you think it worth your verbal mention at the meeting, it may be interesting to those (if any) who are busy about satelitary perturbations."

"On a new Double-image Micrometer," communicated in a Letter to the President, by Prof. Powell.

Several copies of the Ephemeris of Gambart's (Biela's) Comet, for its present apparition, computed by Mr. Stratford, have been left by him at the Apartments of the Society for distribution to such Fellows of the Society as are desirous of observing the Comet.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.—Dec.—E. Forster, Esq., in the chair.—G. B. Buckton, Esq., was elected a Fellow. A specimen of the fruit of *Talauma fragrantissima*, the organ nut of Brazil, was presented by J. Miers, Esq. A collection of Australian plants, chiefly from the neighbourhood of Sydney, and the fruit of a species of *Lecythis*, were presented by the Rev. W. Hincks.—A paper was read by the Rev. W. Hincks on the causes of disruption of vegetable tissue, especially in a horizontal direction. The paper was illustrated by specimens.—A continuation of Dr. Hooker's description of the plants of the Galapagos Islands was also communicated.

ENTOMOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—Dec.—The Rev. F. W. Hope, F.R.S. President, in the chair.—Mr. Bedell exhibited a specimen of *Anacampsis alacella*, a species of moth, new to Britain, and Mr. Doubleday exhibited numerous species of Lepidoptera from the Rocky Mountains, in North America, and Borneo. The following notices were read:—"Descriptions of two new Coleoptera from Borneo," by Mr. A. White; "Descriptions of new Goliath Beetles, from Cape Palmas," by Mr. Westwood; "Descriptions of new Scutelleridae, from Cape Palmas," by Mr. Westwood; "Notice of Insects captured at great distances from Land on the Atlantic," by Mr. Evans; Extracts from a Letter addressed by the Rev. Mr. Savage, to Mr. Hope, on the habits of some of the insects of Cape Palmas.

Jan. 5.—The President in the chair.—Mr. E. Doubleday exhibited a large web of delicate silken texture (4 or 5 yards long), known in Mexico by the name of the Tela de maiz, and spun by the caterpillars of a small moth over the surface of heaps of maize, laid up in store in that country. The President exhibited a large box containing many remarkable insects from Adelaide (South Australia), collected by Mr. Fortnum; and Mr. Bedell, another species of moth new to Britain. The following notices were read: "Notes on several new Indian species of Paussidae," by Mr. Bevan; "Notice of the capture of *Anthomyia pluvialis* upon preparations of Cantharides," by Mr. Brayley, jun.; "Descriptions of new exotic Cetoniidae," by Mr. Hope.

ETHNOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—G. B. Greenough, Esq., Vice-President, in the chair.—Captain Lovell, William Neison, William Ogilby, M.A., G. F. Ruxton, Charles Rogers, and G. C. Galt, were elected members.—A paper was read "On the Natives of Australia," by E. J. Eyre, Esq. Two native youths were in attendance, brought to this country for education. [See notice of Mr. Eyre's Journal, Nos. 932-3.]

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Mon. Geographical Society, half-past 8, P.M.
 — British Architects, 8.
 Tues. Civil Engineers, 8.
 Wed. Microscopical Society, 8.
 — Literary Fund, 8.
 — Decorative Art Society.
 Thurs. Royal Society, half-past 8.
 — Society of Antiquaries, 8.
 — Royal Academy, 8.—Architecture.

FINE ARTS

SACRED AND LEGENDARY ART.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

XIII.—St. Catherine.

THE legend of St. CATHERINE, of ALEXANDRIA, or of the WHEEL (*Santa Caterina delle Ruote*, so called to distinguish her from five other saints, who bore the same name), is of much more modern date than that of St. Cecilia. It is of Greek origin, and cannot be traced farther back than the menology of the Emperor Basil, compiled in the ninth century. It was brought from the East, by the Latins, in the eleventh century; and her Greek name (*Ekaterina, undefiled*), her legend, and her worship, were soon spread over all Western Europe. Of all the female saints, next to Mary Magdalen, St. Catherine is the most popular: venerated by the men as the divine patroness of learning—all students, scholars, colleges, being placed under her protection; and by the women regarded as the type of female intellect and eloquence, as well as of courageous piety and chastity. She is the inspirer of wisdom and good counsel in time of need,—in short, the Minerva of the heathens softened and refined by the attributes of the Christian martyr. The scenes taken from her life and "acts" are so diversified, and of such perpetual recurrence, that I shall give the legend here with all its details, omitting the disputes concerning its origin, which I am afraid must be considered as altogether apocryphal.

St. Catherine was the daughter of an Egyptian king, named Costis. From her earliest infancy she was regarded as a wonder of erudition, and excelled in all the liberal arts, so that at the age of eighteen there was none comparable to her in graces and learning. At this time the tyrant Maximin, or Maxentius, greatly persecuted the Church, and, being come to Alexandria, he gathered all the Christians together, and commanded them, on pain of severest torments, to worship the heathen Gods. St. Catherine, hearing in the recesses of her palace the cries of the people, sallied forth and confronted the tyrant on the steps of the temple, pleading for her fellow-Christians, and demonstrating ("avec force syllogismes") the truth of the Christian and the falsehood of the Pagan religion. Maximin, being confounded by her arguments, which left him without reply, ordered that fifty of the most learned philosophers and rhetoricians should be collected from all parts of his empire, and promised them exceeding great rewards, if they overcame the Christian princess in argument. These philosophers were at first indignant at being assembled for such a futile purpose, esteeming nothing so easy; and they said, "Place her before us, that her folly and rashness may be exposed to all the people." But Catherine, nowise afraid, recommended herself to God, praying that he would not allow the cause of truth to suffer through her feebleness and insufficiency. And she disputed with all these orators and sages, quoting against them the works of Plato and the books of the Sibyls, until they were utterly confounded, one after another, and struck dumb by her superior learning. In the end they confessed themselves vanquished, and converted to the faith of Christ. The emperor, enraged, ordered them to be consumed by fire; and they went to death willingly, only regretting that they had not been baptized; but Catherine said to them, "Go! be of good courage, for your blood shall be accounted to you as baptism, and the flames as a crown of glory." And she did not cease to exhort and comfort them, till they had all perished in the flames.

Then Maximin ordered that she should be dragged to his palace; and, being inflamed by her beauty, he endeavoured to corrupt her virtue, but she rejected his offers with scorn; and, being obliged at this time to depart on a warlike expedition, he ordered his creature, Porphyry, to cast her into a dungeon, and starve her to death; but angels de-

scended and ministered to her. And at the end of twelve days the empress and Porphyry visited the dungeon, which, as they opened the door, appeared all filled with fragrance and light. Whereupon they fell down at the feet of St. Catherine, and with two hundred of their attendants declared themselves Christians.

When Maximin returned to Alexandria, he was seized with fury. He commanded his wife, the empress, with Porphyry and the other converts, to be put to a cruel death; but being more than ever inflamed by the beauty and wisdom of Catherine, he offered to make her his empress, and mistress of the whole world, if she would repudiate the name of Christ. But she replied with scorn, "Shall I forsake my glorious heavenly spouse to unite myself with thee, who art baseborn, wicked, and deformed?" On hearing these words, Maximin roared like a lion in his wrath; and he commanded that they should construct four wheels, armed with sharp points and blades—two revolving in one direction, two in another—so that between them her tender body should be torn into ten thousand pieces. And St. Catherine made herself ready to go to this cruel death; and as she went, she prayed that the fearful instrument of torture prepared for her might be turned to the glory of God. So they bound her between the wheels, and at the same moment fire came down from heaven, sent by the destroying angel of God, who broke the wheels in pieces, and, by the fragments which flew around, the executioners and three thousand people perished in that day.

Yet, for all this, the thrice-hardened tyrant repented not, but ordered that Catherine should be carried outside the city, and there, after being scourged with rods, beheaded by the sword;—which was done. And when she was dead, angels took up her body and carried it over the desert and over the Red Sea, till they deposited it on the summit of Mount Sinai. There it rested in a marble sarcophagus, and in the 8th century a monastery was built over her remains, which are revered to this day: but the wicked tyrant, Maximin, being overcome in battle, was slain, and the beasts and birds devoured him.

In this romantic legend, what a storehouse of picturesque incident!—And, accordingly, we find that both poets and painters have availed themselves of it.* The representations of St. Catherine are so numerous, that we must, for the sake of order, divide them into four classes:—1. Those which exhibit her as Patron Saint, either alone or grouped with others in the Madonna pictures. 2. Scenes from her life. 3. Her martyrdom. 4. Lastly, the mystical subject called the 'Marriage of St. Catherine,' of which there are versions innumerable.

1. In the pictures which represent her as Patron Saint, she is never without one or more of her characteristic attributes. She bears the palm and the sword as martyr; the crown as princess or martyr;† the book, as significant of her learning; but the wheel is her especial and peculiar attribute; it is generally broken—sometimes entire: she leans on it, or it is placed near her; or an angel bears it with the palm over her head; in some very old prints she carries in her hand a little machine resembling the pole and two wheels of a waggon. In Raphael's beautiful picture in our National Gallery she leans on the wheel, and no other emblem or attribute is introduced. Sometimes we find the crown, sword and book without the wheel; and occasionally the grim, turbaned head of the tyrant Maximin is seen beneath her feet. In the Venetian and Bolognese pictures she is almost always crowned and dressed with exceeding splendour in robes of ermine and gold, rich jewels, &c. (for example, the half-length by Domenichino, at Windsor); on the other hand, Leonardo da Vinci, and his school, generally represent her in a plain tunic, with a simple wreath of myrtle binding her hair, and a book in her hand, as in a most lovely picture, now in the possession of Mrs. Howard, of Corbie Castle, in which she is reading, while two angels behind bear the palm and the wheel. The Spanish painters represent her richly dressed, and

crowned with the royal crown, and with them the favourite attributes are the sword and book—not often the wheel. Sometimes she is leaning on the sword (as in a very fine sketch by Rubens, in the Dulwich Gallery), or it lies at her feet. In the ancient sculpture and painted glass she is generally trampling on the Emperor Maximin, and bears the book or palm. She is thus represented in Henry the Seventh's Chapel, and in a fine carving by Albert Durer in the Hôtel de Cluny.

2. A series of pictures from her life often adorn the chapels and churches dedicated to her; it generally includes her defence before Maximin, the conversion of the philosophers, her deliverance from the wheels, and her death by the sword. In the Chapel of St. Catherine in the Church of San Clemente, at Rome, Masaccio painted her history in a series of frescoes. In the scene with the philosophers she is standing in the midst of a hall,—the forefinger of one hand laid on the other, as in the act of demonstrating. She is represented fair and girlish, dressed with great simplicity in a tunic and girdle,—no crown, nor any other attribute. The sages are ranged on each side, some lost in thought, others in astonishment: the tyrant is seen behind, as if watching the conference: while through an open window we behold the fire kindled for the converted philosophers, and the scene of their execution.‡ In the same series we have 'St. Catherine healing a Sick Child'; 'The martyrdom of the Wheel'; and, lastly, 'St. Catherine Beheaded,' while angels bear her spirit to heaven, and others lay her in the tomb.

In the Vatican (Stanza di Borgia) there is a large picture by Pinturicchio, of St. Catherine expounding her faith before the emperor Maximin; the treatment is extremely dramatic, and there are about fifty figures. In her character of patroness of learning, and particularly of theological learning, St. Catherine is often grouped with the Fathers of the Church. In an old fresco (in the cloisters of the convent of St. Paul, at Parma) St. Catherine is represented as paying a visit to St. Jerome in his cell, but whether this incident is founded on any particular legend I do not know.

The most famous incident of her life, the breaking of the wheels, is generally called the Martyrdom of St. Catherine, but ought more properly to be styled her deliverance. The most beautiful instance I can remember is the large picture by Gaudenzio Ferrari in the Brera. She is represented in a front view, kneeling, her hair dishevelled, her hands clasped, and in the eyes, upraised to the opening heavens above, the most divine expression of faith and resignation; on each side are the wheels armed with spikes, which the executioners are preparing to turn: behind sits the Emperor on an elevated throne, and an angel descends from above armed with a sword. In this grand picture the figures are above life size.

I remember to have seen, in the church of St. Nazaro, at Milan, a very fine, but half ruined fresco by Luini, of the same subject treated in the same spirit; around it are four small compartments, representing—1. St. Catherine confronting Maximin. 2. The conversion of the philosophers. 3. She is scourged. 4. She lies headless on the ground. There is a fine dramatic composition by Giulio Romano, in which the wheels are seen shivered by lightning and stones from heaven, which are flung down by angels; the executioners and spectators are struck dead or confounded. We have the same subject by Rubens; and by Van Dyke a very fine sketch, once in the possession of Sir Charles Bagot.

The decapitation of St. Catherine is, properly, her martyrdom. This subject is of frequent occurrence and little varied; in general, the broken wheels are introduced in the background, in order to distinguish St. Catherine from other female saints who were also decapitated. There is a very fine and curious engraving, in which St. Catherine is kneeling, the executioner stands near her, and three attendants extend a linen cloth to receive her head. Maximin and others are behind.§

St. Catherine buried by the angels is a charming subject. There is a fresco by Luini (in the Brera at Milan), of exceeding beauty. Three angels su-

* Engraved in Otley's 'Early Italian School.'

† "Gravure Inconnue." Bartsch, vi. 377. There is a good impression in the British Museum.

* Dryden's Tragedy, 'Tyrannick Love,' is founded on the legend of St. Catherine. Massinger had set him the example of thus treating the Christian Legends in his 'Virgin Martyr,' founded on the beautiful story of St. Dorothea. † See the note at p. 17, legend of St. Cecilia.

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tain her, hovering above the tomb in which they prepare to lay her; the tranquil refined loveliness in the head of the saint, and the expression of death, are exceedingly fine. In the Berlin Gallery is another by Spinello (1400); four angels bear her spirit to heaven, and two lay her in the grave on Mount Sinai. In the Vienna Gallery is the Burial of St. Catherine, by Gilles de Rye (1597); two angels lay her in a marble sarcophagus, a third scatters flowers.†

There is a modern version of this fine subject by a German painter (Mücke) which has become popular; four angels bear the body of St. Catherine over sea and land to Mount Sinai; one of the foremost bears a sword, the instrument of her martyrdom. The floating, onward movement of the group is very beautifully expressed.

It remains only to notice the mystic subject called the Marriage of St. Catherine.

The first idea of such a representation appears to have originated in a famous vision of St. Catherine of Siena, a real and very important person of the fourteenth century. In one of her ecstatic trances she fancied herself espoused to the infant Christ. The title so often assumed by nuns of "Sposa di Dio," "Sposa di Christo," would very naturally suggest such an image to the excited imaginations of these solitary women. At all events, the subject appears to have been unknown till towards the end of the fifteenth century. By some singular misapprehension, the painters, or those who employed them, confounded the two St. Cathelines, or, at least, confounded the vision of the one with the reply of the other to Maximin [see the Legend, as above], and gave to the *Sposa di Christo* the wheel, the palm, the crown: thus the mystic marriage of St. Catherine became appropriated to St. Catherine of Alexandria instead of St. Catherine of Siena.‡

This is one of the most popular subjects in the history of Art, particularly with the Venetian and Lombard painters of the sixteenth, and the Bolognese and Flemish painters of the seventeenth century; and we can easily understand how it came to be a favourite with nuns. The general conception is almost always the same. The infant Christ seated on the knees of the Virgin, holds a ring in his hand, which he is about to place on the finger of St. Catherine, who kneels before him. The accessories vary: in very few instances are there only three figures; generally various saints are poetically introduced as spectators of the scene. The earliest example to which I can refer is a beautiful picture by Fra Bartolomeo, now in the Louvre; the date is about 1505. It represents the Virgin and Child throned; St. Catherine kneeling in front; near the throne are St. Peter, St. Bartholomew, and St. Vincent; and St. Dominic and St. Francis embrace each other. I have little doubt that the St. Catherine in this picture is intended for St. Catherine of Siena, who was a Dominican nun. In the design of Raphael (engraved by Marc Antonio) the *personality* of the saint is doubtful; while in the exquisite little Perugino in the Grosvenor Gallery it is clearly marked by the wheel; but this is a late picture of the master.

By Correggio, we have three beautiful pictures of this subject; in all, the St. Catherine is distinguished by her wheel, leaving us no doubt of the intention of the painter. So in the celebrated little picture by Parmigiano in the Grosvenor Gallery, St. Catherine is resting on her wheel: the infant Christ, while he puts the ring on her finger, has thrown himself back, looking up in his mother's face, as if he were at play. Correggio, on the contrary, has given him an intent and serious, though perfectly insinuating expression, as if he had put his whole little soul into the act.

Among the Venetian pictures may be mentioned a *chef-d'œuvre* by Titian, remarkable for the dramatic, and at the same time elegant, treatment. Christ is seated on a kind of pedestal, and sustained by the

arms of the Virgin. St. Catherine kneels before him, and St. Anna, in a manner, gives St. Catherine away, presenting her hand to receive the ring. Two angels behind the saint look on with an expression of interest, and St. Joseph stands by.

In general, the Venetian painters lavished on this favourite subject the richest, most fanciful, most joyous accompaniments. The scene is a palace or a luxuriant landscape: St. Catherine is in the sumptuous bridal attire of a princess; angels chant psalms, and various holy personages stand by as spectators of the scene. Of this character is the Paul Veronese at Hampton Court, the splendid picture by the same painter in the Durazzo Palace at Genoa, and all those which I have seen by Titian and Tintoretto.

Among the examples by later painters must be mentioned the admirable one by Van Dyck in the Queen's Gallery in Buckingham Palace. It is treated with great simplicity; the figures half-length, life size, full of beautiful expression: the Virgin holds a wreath of flowers in her hand, ready to crown the saint and martyr. By Rubens, three examples; by Poussin, a very fine picture in the collection of Lord Ashburnham; and from the Caracci school pictures innumerable, with little variety of treatment.

In the Spanish Gallery of the Louvre there is a curious votive picture, of which one would like to know the history. A nobleman of Seville, and his family, are imprisoned in a dungeon—they implore the aid of St. Catherine, who appears to them, habited in the rich Spanish costume of the time (about 1620), and promises them deliverance. Another legend of St. Catherine is represented in a small old picture at Berlin, by Ambrogio di Lorenzo (1342); on one side are seen two nuns imploring a physician in vain to heal one of the sisterhood who is sick: on the other, the sick nun is seen lying in her cell; St. Catherine descends from heaven to heal her. These and similar pictures may be considered as votive offerings to St. Catherine, as the Giver of good counsel, in which character she is particularly venerated as one of the three female saints who are invoked as protecting saints, or "helpers in need:" the other two are St. Barbara and St. Margaret, of whom, to complete the series, we are now to speak.

FINE ART GOSSIP.—The notices put forth by the Art Union Society of London, offering a prize of five hundred pounds "for an original picture illustrative of British history," have elicited the efforts of twenty-eight artists. The preparatory cartoons, each six feet by four feet six inches, are now being exhibited at the Gallery of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours. A brief inspection of the collection has enabled us to form a general opinion of the talent evolved by this experiment. At present, the prize has not been publicly adjudicated; we therefore reserve to a more fitting occasion any critical remarks in detail. No names are appended to the works in question; but, guiding our judgment by the internal evidence they afford, there is little difficulty in ascertaining that those names, when revealed, will, in the main, emerge from an obscurity to which they are destined quickly to return. There are but three or four displays of anything like power; but there is one so striking and complete, that the task of solution, if not already accomplished, is less arduous than it is responsible.

Sir Martin Archer Shee having, as we informed our readers, withdrawn his resignation, has been, at the usual annual nomination of officers, unanimously re-elected to the presidential chair of the Royal Academy; a grant of 300*l.* a year, by the Council, being added to the royal pension of 200*l.* already settled on Lady Shee.

From Berlin, we hear that the Artists' Association in that capital, formed with the view of affording aid to their poorer brethren, and sustaining the widows and orphans of those who fall in the struggles of their profession, have opened their Annual Exhibition, in furtherance of those objects, in the Hall of the Royal Academy of Fine Arts, upon a novel plan. Instead of original works, as on former occasions, the exhibition consists of copies, in transparency, from the great works of the old masters; and these pictures, shown from six in the evening till midnight, have their effect further heightened by means of celebrated vocal compositions,—for the most part, also, from ancient

masters,—having reference to the subjects exhibited, and performed by a large body of musicians and amateurs. For example, Raphael's 'Marriage of the Virgin' is illustrated by Leonardo Leo's *Pariet filium*; Correggio's 'Adoration of the Shepherds' by Demetrius Bortinansky's (a celebrated Russian composer) *Adoramus te, Jesu Christe*; the 'Adoration of the Kings,' after Rubens, by a German song adapted to the music of 'Orlando de Lassus'; Fra Bartolomeo's 'Presentation in the Temple,' by one adapted to a composition by Jomelli; the 'Rest during the Flight into Egypt,' after Correggio's 'Maddonna with the Bowl,' by Haydn's *Rescript Dominum*; and the 'Virgin at the Cradle,' of Raphael, by Pa-lestrina's *Et Verbum caro factum est*.

The Paris papers announce the death, in that capital, of M. Charlet,—*par excellence* the popular painter of France; "King of the Sketch,"—"Painter in ordinary to the People,"—as a French critic has well called him; whose genius exhaled itself in a multitude of *impromptus*, and whose pencil has written, by sketches innumerable, some striking chapters in the history of the manners of a generation.

The question, whether an artist selling his picture without reservation, does, or does not, thereby part with all its beneficial incidents, has been raised in France, and decided according to the common-sense view of the matter. M. St. Amant, having purchased M. Marlet's painting of the scene of the great Chess Match played between him and Mr. Staunton, and had it lithographed for sale, the artist brought an action against the chess-player, on the ground that his possession of the picture did not give him the right of reproduction by engraving, without the painter's consent. It seems quite clear that nothing but a custom, or a positive provision, could limit such a purchaser's right to do what he would with his own; and the Court so decided—very properly, however, negating M. St. Amant's right to suppress the painter's name in his publication, and giving the latter small damages for that omission.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

NEW MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT. Hanover-square Rooms. —Mr. CHARLES E. HORN, the composer, will give an original Musical Entertainment at the above Rooms, on THURSDAY EVENING, January 15, entitled LAYS and LEGENDS of NORMANDY, assisted by the Misses Williams, Mr. Hobbs, and Mr. Machin, in the course of which twelve new compositions, consisting of songs, duets, trios, and glees, will be performed. Tickets, 2*s.* 6*d.* each, to be had of all Music-sellers, and at the Rooms. To commence at Eight o'clock.

JOHN SIMON MAYER.

THE recent decease of Mayer suggests subjects of interest not unworthy consideration. The nature and quality of reputation; the influences which a worthy and well-trained composer may or may not exercise on his Art, as determined by the period of his appearance and the speciality of his talent, would be curiously illustrated from the life of a Musician born in 1763,—seven years before the birth of Beethoven, and thirty before the death of Mozart; whose last opera was produced thirty years since, when the vogue of Rossini's music began to swallow up the reputation of every other Italian stage-writer; and who, after having been composer-in-chief for the musical theatres of Europe during some twenty years, is now by the general public, distinct from the *dilettanti* who compare, record and recollect,—merely remembered by his having furnished Pasta with the outline of the most noble of her noble characters,—the royal Colchian sorceress!

Mayer was not, as his transient reputation might be thought to indicate, one of those half-educated persons whose works die for want of a basis of sound proportion or just science: still less is he to be numbered with those who court ephemeral success by conforming to the fashions of the moment. Born at Mendorf, in Bavaria, the son of an organist there, he was, at eight years of age, able to sing at sight;—and at ten equal to the most difficult sonatas of Schubert and Bach on the harpsichord. Later, we find him making acquaintance with several instruments; subsequently studying harmony and accompaniment at Bergamo under Maestro Lenzi, and at Venice under Pacchierotti's composer, and Beckford's friend, Bertoni. (What a change, by the way, has passed over the world since a Bavarian musician must needs go to Italy for initiation into the depths of his Art!) It is added, that Mayer was unwearied in studying the scores of the great composers. That he thought

† Of this most elegant little picture I have never seen any notice or any engraving: neither do I know anything of the painter. The picture is dated 1597.

‡ The above is given as a dated supposition, which I am unable to substantiate by reference to any authority. The origin of the marriage of St. Catherine is so curious a question in the history of art, that I am surprised to find it has been so little examined. Should any reader of this essay be acquainted with an example of the subject older than those mentioned in the text, the writer would be thankful to have the reference to any such picture or engraving.

his vocation was the highest order of music, may be gathered from the fact that his first productions were masses and oratorios, produced for the then flourishing school *dei Mendicanti*, at Venice. It was at the instance of Piccini that he entered upon his theatrical career, by producing a 'Saffo' for the *Teatro Fenice*, in the year 1794. Between that date and 1816 Mayer set sixty-one operas:—'Lodoiska' and 'Le due Giornate' twice over. Yet among this enormous mass of music the names only of some half-dozen works are recollected,—these being the 'Ginevra di Scozia,' 'Adelasia ed Aleramo,' 'Il Ritorno d'Ulisse,' 'La Rosa rossa e la Rosa bianca,' 'L'Equivoco,' and 'Medea.' About the year 1816, though tempted by sundry more showy appointments, Mayer withdrew from the theatre, quietly established himself at Bergamo, and there devoted himself to the service of the Musical Institute. Of the pupils who proceeded from this establishment, Donizetti is the most celebrated. The veteran *maestro* died on the 2nd of December, aged eighty-two years.

So far as our acquaintance with Mayer's works enables us to speak, we may point to their correctness of construction and care of finish as remarkable and characteristic,—their vast number considered. This is a sure consequence of a sound musical education. It is better for an artist to place himself beyond the possibility of writing meagrely or ungrammatically before he begins his career of creation, than by painful retouchings of every special and separate work to lose his chance of nature and spontaneity. The time employed on a given labour is, we know, largely an affair of temperament; but we cannot but point out, that there is more science in any two of Handel's choruses than in a whole opera by Meyerbeer. Yet the former were thrown off as rapidly as some slight Italian melody, while the latter has been elaborated as heavily as if it were some canon only to be solved by the cunning of the Sphinx. M. Féty, too, tells us that Mayer took pains with the orchestral part of his works. In melody he was sweet; expressive and pleasant to sing, rather than very fresh or original. He has left us one or two models of graceful form and deep feeling combined. Even with the recollection of Cherubini's more *tragic* music to the same situation fresh in our minds, we may point to his duet, 'Cedi al destin,' from 'Medea,' as a master-piece beyond the power, we think, of Time and Change; which will range with Cimarosa's magnificent 'Svenami,' from 'Gli Orazi,' Paër's 'Qual sepolcro,' from 'Agnese,' and the more exciting two-voice compositions by Rossini.

If the reputation of Mayer be already a by-past thing, it was because he lived in a time of transition, and in competition with half a dozen of those geniuses who make fame for themselves, but efface that of all minor prophets,—and not from lack of desert. His death, it is to be feared, deprives Italy of the last of those distinguished professors whose counsels trained sound composers as well as showy singers.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.—The Society of British Musicians has fixed the evenings of the 9th and 23rd of February, and the 9th and 23rd of March, for the orchestral concerts, which we mentioned a fortnight since. But who could have anticipated, by any freak of fancy, that half the works which would be announced as the attractions of the series would be Mozart's 'Don Giovanni' entire! and Dr. Mendelssohn's 'First Walpurgis Night'? In the name of patriotism and propriety, we may ask, how could an Opera at once more trying and hackneyed have been selected than the first?—trying, inasmuch as the English *Donna Anna*, and *Zerlina*, and *Don Giovanni*, and *Leporello*, and *Don Ottavio*, must dare comparison with the greatest Italian and German singers whom the world has seen, without a single one of the supports and appliances which the stage affords—and hackneyed, to a pass of familiarity running perilously near weariness, should the execution fall short of absolute perfection. Are our singers anxious to rivet attention on their own inferiority? Are our composers, by way of stimulating the public to a just sense of their originality, compelled to have recourse to a foreign work, known by heart to every auditor? Neither can the selection of Dr. Mendelssohn's Cantata be defended: since it is well known that a conviction

of its *ultra-Germanism* led its accomplished and intelligent composer to hesitate with regard to the propriety of producing it at all in England—how much the more, in a concert given by a *Society of British Musicians*? If a cheap rivalry with the Philharmonic Concerts is meditated, well and good. Such an enterprise might not be hopeless, if conducted with spirit, considering the manner in which the Philharmonic Directors have contrived to alienate most of the London artists worth conciliating. But, by way of illustrating the efforts of national musicians to encourage the formation of a school of national music, the measure commented upon seems about as wise as would be the publication of an English musical grammar in German!—Public attention has been called to an advertisement put forth by Mr. Braham, from which it appears as if our veteran tenor, without formal farewell, must be considered as having retired from public life, and as henceforth intending to confine himself to the training of young singers. We cannot advert to this announcement without also expressing a wish, that some among our many unformed artists who struggle vainly for hearing, and inevitably sink into insignificance, would consider what has made Mr. Braham's career so long, and enabled his great musical reputation to survive the *gallery* popularity, to gain which he so severely perilled it. The secret would be found to comprise vocal accomplishment, musical science, propriety of expression, and sedulously cultivated articulation; and inasmuch as these are traditional, we cannot but rejoice over every prospect of their being perpetuated.—There is little news from Paris, save a rumour of a three-act opera by M. Félicien David—a style of composition for which we imagine the composer better fitted than the grandeur of the symphony—and of a two-act work by M. Flotow, whose 'Stradella' has decidedly produced "a legitimate effect" in Germany. A son of that estimable composer of chamber music, Herr Aloys Schmitt, has just produced an operetta entitled 'Trilby,' at Frankfort, with partial success.—A *Statuette* of Rossini sitting on a sofa, surrounded by his scores, appraised in a *paletot* with the newest-fashioned French quilted lining, has for some weeks been looking towards us for notice. We have hesitated to answer the appeal, because we cannot praise the work. It has nothing of Art to recommend it; still less can it boast that small cleverness which satisfies those who, unable to appreciate the beautiful, are content with the pretty. The composer of 'Guillaume Tell' would be foremost, we apprehend, to smile at his own image and its sentimental attitude.

The rumour, to which we referred last week, that Mr. Lumley had engaged Mdlle. Jenny Lind, Mr. Bunn having consented to waive his claim, has drawn forth what appears to be an authorized statement of the fact. It appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, and in justice to all parties we shall republish it:—

"We have every reason to believe," says the writer, "that the *Athenæum's* announcement is erroneous. So many incorrect reports have been in circulation respecting the engagement of Jenny Lind for this country, that justice to the gifted Berlin *prima donna*, and to the lessee of Drury-lane Theatre, exacts the publication of the facts which we are enabled to supply. At the period that Jenny Lind appeared in her only original character, at the Berlin Opera, in Meyerbeer's opera of the 'Camp of Silesia,' Mr. Bunn went to the Prussian capital expressly to hear the vocalist in those praise all Germany was so much excited. He immediately, through Meyerbeer, proposed terms for Drury-lane Theatre. These terms, with amendments suggested by the Swedish syren herself, were signed by her in the presence of the Earl of Westmoreland, the British minister in Berlin, and Meyerbeer, the adviser of Jenny Lind. The agreement was for twenty representations, to be given either in May or October, 1845, at her own option, in order to afford time for the acquirement of the English language. Some time after the contract had been signed, Mdlle. Lind wrote to Mr. Bunn, earnestly requesting that he would cancel the engagement, as she found the difficulties of our vernacular to be a complete bar to articulate a note on our stage. Mr. Bunn, in reply, offered to afford reasonable time for study, and suggested that the months of April, May, or June next might be selected,

at her own discretion, to fulfil her contract, the lessee at the same time pointing out to the "nightingale" the trouble and expense he had incurred in visiting Berlin, as also his responsibility with his patrons and subscribers, having announced her in the programme of his attractions for the season. An English amateur, an enthusiastic admirer of Jenny Lind, who had been introduced to her at Frankfort, hearing that she had entered into an engagement with the lessee of Her Majesty's Theatre, after signing one with the Drury-lane director, wrote to her, pointing out the evil effects of such a course of action. Here is a translation of the reply of the Swedish star,—the original being in French:—

"How shall I reply for so much kindness? You will tax me with ingratitude, but I hope that your opinion of my good faith will not be affected. I have written to Mr. Bunn, to request him, as a favour, to return my signature, and to free me from a promise which it is impossible for me to keep. I admit that I was wrong to allow myself to be persuaded that the English language would be easy enough for me to appear on the stage. I am now convinced of the impossibility of such an attempt; and I hope that Mr. Bunn is gentleman enough not to seek to profit by the circumstances which led to that fatal signature—my position in respect to M. Meyerbeer, whose opera (the *Feldlager*) was the principal condition. Truly I was teased, surprised, and I signed, without knowing "how and what," between the acts of the opera, under the influence of my part. Finally, if I have made a blunder (*bévue*), I cannot be the victim of a counsel as destructive as it was inconsiderate. Never shall I be enabled to sing in English, my habits (*dispositions*) are opposed to it; but if ever I had sufficient confidence to believe myself capable of being able to sing at the Italian Opera—at the Queen's Theatre, you may believe in my word of honour that the affair of Drury-lane would prevent me from doing so. I must deplore the enthusiasm which caused me to sign the promise to appear there, for it deprives me for ever from the happiness of seeing your fine country, and to seek for the suffrages of a great people. May I, then, request you to exercise your influence with Mr. Bunn to relieve me from a burthen which weighs on my mind, and saddens me. I repeat to you, that I do not calculate on signing any other engagement in England. I have the honour to be, with the most perfect consideration, your very humble servant, JENNY LIND."

Copenhagen, Oct. 13, 1845.

"As regards Mr. Bunn, we learn that he has given formal notice to the songstress that he will appeal to the King of Prussia for his intervention to compel the enforcement of the engagement; and, moreover, warning the fair Jenny that if she sets foot in England and attempts to sing at any other locality than Drury-lane Theatre, he will bring an action against her; the lessee not admitting the syren's plea of non-ability to acquire English, since she made herself mistress of German in less than two months, and is besides an accomplished French scholar."

HAYMARKET.—On Tuesday was produced Mr. Webster's version of 'The Cricket on the Hearth.' Critical opinion continues to be divided on the merit of Mr. Dickens's tale; the style of the work being, as we have said, better than the subject; but the theatres are as eager as ever to present it in a dramatic shape, which having been evidently written for the stage, they find no difficulty in doing. At this house, the cast is uncommonly strong; John Peerybingle (Mr. Webster), Tackleton (Mr. Tilbury); Caleb Plummer (Mr. Farren); Mrs. Peerybingle (Miss Fortescue); and Bertha (Mrs. Seymour). The small part of the disguised lover was enacted by Mr. Holl, and *Tilly Slowboy* by Mr. Buckstone! The last was, of course, an outrageous caricature. Mr. Farren, we fear, exaggerated the age of the doating toymaker. The incident, to which his fondness gives rise, is the most ambitious portion of the tale, and at the same time that most liable to the attacks of hypercriticism. Perhaps the writer has not been careful enough concerning the admissibility of the postulates which the situations necessarily assume; on the other hand, critics in general have not sufficiently considered the narrow circle of life portrayed, and how the surrounding world might have been most effectually

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yet easily shut out from that poor man's workshop. As performed at this theatre, the incident seems natural enough; for all parties are in the secret, and promote the blind girl's delusion, in accordance with the father's views. *Tackleton* was admirably personated by Mr. Tibbury. Mr. Webster was great in the honest, much tried, and generous carrier;—this is precisely the kind of part for which the manager is most qualified by his talents as an actor. It was genial and touching, vigorous and true; highly finished in its details, yet natural in its general impression. We felt that the performer was at home in it; and that, in its way, nothing could be better. The same quality of praise is deserved by Miss Fortescue, who, in the suspected wife, more than realized the author's conception. Such is the pathos of her style, that even the objectionable sentimentalism of the character was lost in the current of feeling;—it became, as it were, the fancy dress of a good and glad heart—the wardrobe of a school-girl's holiday, produced, on a festive occasion, from the wife's half-forgotten stores; and thus reconciled itself to propriety and taste. *Bertha* was somewhat overacted by Mrs. Seymour; but her conception was correct, and efficiently brought out. It is seldom that all the characters of a piece are so judiciously distributed, and ably enacted. Mr. Dickens, in this respect, has been a felicitous author.

MISCELLANEA

Paris Academy of Sciences.—Dec. 29.—M. Armand Seguer read a notice of a new steam-engine, the invention of Messrs. Isoard and Mercier. After describing the construction of this engine, M. Seguer says:—"It differs from all that has hitherto been invented, not only in its construction, but also by the special manner in which the steam is employed. Instead of being conveyed from the generator to the motive apparatus, and undergoing on the way, or at the moment when its action is required, all the losses due to the diminution of volume by the causes of the cooling process, the steam is maintained at a very elevated temperature in the generating tube, and the relations of the heated surfaces and of hot water injected are calculated in such a way that the heat does not escape by the orifice until it has acquired an increase of temperature which permits it to act at once as steam and as dilated gas. Several papers were read relative to discoveries and experiments in chemistry, but none of them possessed sufficient interest for the general reader.—M. Bory St. Vincent reminded the Academy, with reference to the announcement of the discovery of a race of white men in Algeria, having the type of the men of the North, that he had communicated this fact a long time ago.

M. de Cormenin and the French Democrats.—The Paris papers are occupied, at great length, with the particulars of a trial, in which M. de Cormenin, once the most popular of all the political writers of France, by a sort of compulsion which left him but a choice of awkward predicaments, figures curiously and uncomfortably. The *sparse* notes which the witty deputy seems to have flung about him rather carelessly, are here returned as unexpected witnesses against himself; and certain suspicious modifications in his judicial sentences, as *Timon* the Critic, have been systematized into an imputation of motive which strikes directly at his influence as an uncompromising public writer. In the trial in question, a M. Victor Bouton was criminally charged with the abstraction of certain autographs of M. de Cormenin. Bouton is a furious democrat,—was some time since a clerk to M. Pagnerre, the publisher of M. de Cormenin; and in the former character was one of the popular deputy's thousand worshippers,—while in the latter capacity he was particularly employed to correct that writer's proofs. M. de Cormenin, on the most intimate and confidential terms with his publisher, seems to have addressed to him amusing and characteristic letters; in which philosophical maxims, social opinions, and reflections highly unpalatable to third parties, are strangely mixed up with trivial commissions and commonplace directions: and some of these, together with certain proof-sheets containing M. de Cormenin's marginal notes, are found in Bouton's possession, after his dismissal from M. Pagnerre's employment. The only

question, as regards the accused, is whether they came naturally into his hands, or were feloniously taken; and on this point he obtained the verdict of the jury:—the subsequent use which he made of the manuscripts is not defended by his own counsel. Furious, like all his party, at the defection of M. de Cormenin in his celebrated work '*Feu! Feu!*' Bouton published a pamphlet against the deputy entitled, '*Boulet Rouge contre Timon*;' in which he attacked the formidable writer with the weapons abstracted from the latter's own armoury.—furnishing an uncomfortable comment on the offending book from the letters and notes which he asserted had been addressed by M. de Cormenin to himself. The asserted correspondence being denied, Bouton followed up his first pamphlet by a second:—"Cormenin.—*Fac-similes* to grace the denials of that gentleman addressed to *Boulet Rouge*, in the fourteenth edition of his '*Feu! Feu!*'"—the fac-similes being printed at the end, as *pieces de conviction*. M. de Cormenin's reluctance to come into the courts of law, and subject himself, with such a case, to the handling of a shrewd advocate, is intelligible enough; and received its abundant justification in the clever speech of M. Charles Hello for the accused; but it became the least of two evils by the perseverance of Bouton's attacks. To stop these became necessary, at all risks; when the latter, resolutely bent on defeating M. de Cormenin's candidature for the Academy, added, to his charges of hypocrisy and cynicism, an ingenious accusation of literary bribery. Some negotiation seems to have taken place in the hope of intimidating or persuading the impracticable democrat from his purpose; but these having failed, the present proceedings, directed against it, have answered the purpose nearly as well, in the explanations put into the mouth of counsel. The publication deprecated is almost as complete by this means, and comes in a more imposing form and from a more unimpeachable source.—M. Bouton, it seems, as copyist in ordinary for M. de Cormenin, had some suspicious recollections in reference to the *Lierre des Orateurs*; which he set about verifying by a careful collation of the various editions of that work. There, he found discrepancies between the first and last, too glaring to be either accidental or honest; but which were explainable on a theory that suited his designs. M. Guizot, to whom eloquence and consistency are formally denied in the early testimony, is quoted for his eloquence and defended for his directness in the amended version. M. Thiers, who, both on moral and physical points, came under the early lash of *Timon*, is now found to be an object of his admiration in both senses. M. de Lamartine who "spoke neither French nor English—whose loose and flowing style balanced itself ridiculously on either leg," is restored to the ranks of the orators.—A ray of light broke into Bouton's willing mind:—"all these men are *Academicians*, and M. de Cormenin wants to get into the Academy!" Accordingly the inevitable Bouton announced, as in the press, '*Parliamentary Sketches*;' being a Sequel to the Book of Orators,' by a pamphleteer resembling *Timon*. This work, the fruit of long and patient search into the various editions of the '*Orators*,' by the political and literary Chameleon of the day, will form an indispensable supplement to the latter editions *only* of that fine book. Private notes, dropped from the pocket of the pamphleteer who resembles *Timon*, and picked up on the road to Montargis, not far from the Château de Lamothe, will make it one of the most piquant pages of cotemporary history. Documents of singular importance, communicated by various statesmen, will add to the interest of the book—filled with daring revelations in reference to the men who have figured on the political scene since 1830. The first orator put up to sale, will be M. A. de Lamartine.—M. de Cormenin could no longer defer his appeal to the law, for the recovery of his manuscripts; and hence the charge against Bouton.

Journalism in Austria.—According to the foreign papers, the number of existing journals is 159—which, to a population of thirty-one millions and a half, gives one for every 198,110 inhabitants. Of this total, 40 are political journals, 12 commercial; and the other 107 are devoted to science and literature.—a singular proportion certainly, and very significant. Of these 29 appear in Austria Proper—24 of the 29 in

Vienna; 43 in the Lombardo-Venetian Kingdom—30 of them at Milan; 21 in Hungary—of which 14 at Pesth; 17 in Bohemia—of which 13 at Prague; and 49 in the remainder of the States. Their languages are, 76 German, 53 Italian, 15 Slavonic, 1 French, and 14 in various other tongues.

On Artificial Ultramarine.—Till within the last twelve or fifteen years the only source of this beautiful pigment was the rare mineral, *lapis lazuli*. The price of the finest ultramarine was then so high as five guineas the ounce. Since the mode of making it artificially has been discovered, however, its price has fallen to a few shillings the ounce. Artificial ultramarine is now manufactured to a very considerable extent on the continent, but as far as I can learn, none has as yet been made in Great Britain. The chief French manufactories of ultramarine are situated in Paris; and the two largest ones in Germany are those of Meissen in Saxony, and of Nuremberg in Franconia. Three kinds of ultramarine occur in commerce, the blue, the green, and the yellow. The two first only are true ultramarines, that is, sulphur compounds; the yellow is merely chromate of baryta. Both native and artificial ultramarine have been examined very carefully by several eminent chemists, who, however, have been unable to throw much light upon their true nature. Chemists have undoubtedly ascertained that ultramarine always consists of silica, alumina, soda, sulphur, and a little oxide of iron, but no two specimens, either of the native or artificial ultramarine, contain these ingredients in at all similar proportions. * * The last chemist who has examined ultramarine is Dr. Elsner, who has published a very elaborate paper upon it in the 23rd number of Erdmann's Journal for 1841. The first part of Dr. Elsner's paper is historical, and contains an account of the accidental discovery of artificial ultramarine by Tassart and Kuhlman in 1814, and of the labours of subsequent chemists. He then gives a detailed account of his own experiments. * * Dr. Elsner's paper does not, however, furnish any details by which ultramarine could be manufactured successfully on the great scale. Thus, for example, in regard to the necessary degree of heat, perhaps the most important circumstance in the process, he gives no directions whatever. We know, however, from other sources, that it should be a low red heat, as at much higher temperatures both native and artificial ultramarine soon become colourless. Dr. Elsner, indeed, does not affirm that he was able to procure ultramarine in quantity of a uniformly good colour. In fact, the process of Robiquet, published nearly ten years ago, is the best which scientific chemists possess, though undoubtedly the manufacturers have greatly improved upon it. Robiquet's process consists in heating to low redness a mixture of one part porcelain clay, one and a half sulphur, and one and a half parts anhydrous carbonate of soda, either in an earthenware retort or covered crucible, so long as vapours are given off. When opened, the crucible usually contains a spongy mass of a deep blue colour, containing more or less ultramarine mixed with the excess of sulphur employed, and some unaltered clay and soda. The soluble matter is removed by washing, and the ultramarine separated from the other impurities by levigation. It is to be regretted, however, that the results of Robiquet's process are by no means uniform; one time it yields a good deal of ultramarine of excellent quality, and perhaps, at the very next repetition of the process in circumstances apparently similar, very little ultramarine is obtained, and that of an inferior quality. The fabrication of ultramarine is a subject which well deserves the attention of English chemical manufacturers, as it could be carried on with peculiar advantage in this country. The chief expense of the process is the fuel required, which can be purchased in Great Britain for less than half the money it would cost either in France or Germany.—*Proceedings of P. S. of Glasgow.*

Agricultural Phenomenon.—Mr. Tony Sheepshanks, of Botany Bay, near Enfield, received from Mr. Pettigrew several grains of wheat, which he had found in unrolling a mummy. These were duly sown, and the result has been truly wonderful; for Mr. Sheepshanks, on entering the field last autumn, discovered to his surprise an abundant crop of mummies.—*The Almanack of the Month.*

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